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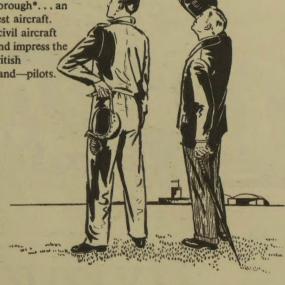
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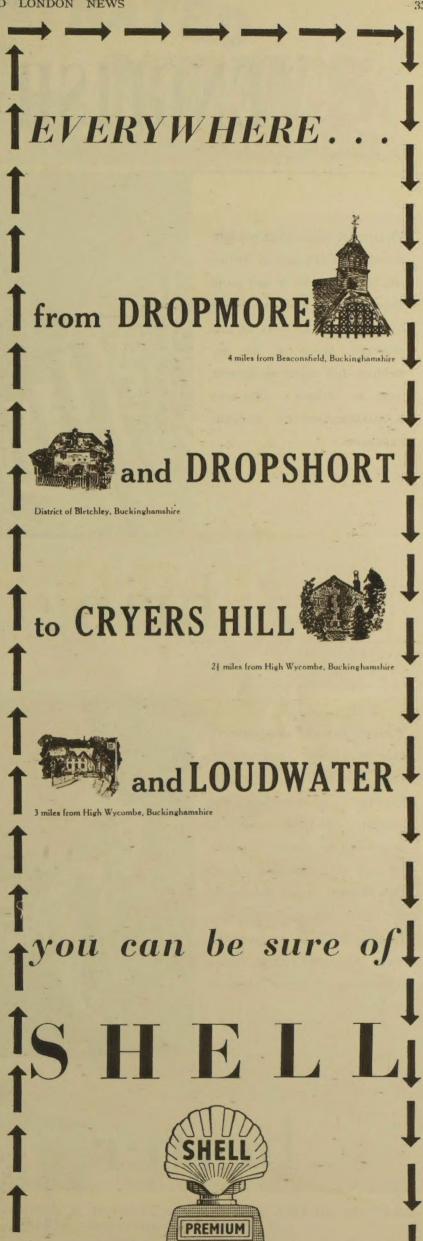


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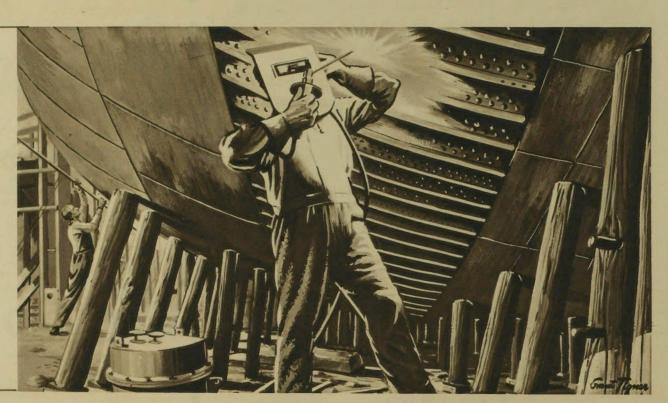
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1953.



MODERN MAGIC: A GIANT HOUSE-MOVER IN AMERICA TRANSPORTING A THREE-BEDROOM HOUSE AND ITS CONTENTS TO A NEW SITE, TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW HIGHWAY.

Moving from one house to another is always an unsettling process, entailing considerable planning, and invariably some of the cherished household gods are smashed in transit and curtains and carpets prove to be the wrong size for the new rooms. How often has the harassed housewife longed for an Aladdin's lamp with its attendant genie to whisk the house away and set it down on a new site. However, this is now being done in America, not by a genie but by a giant machine. Our photograph shows this house-remover at work in Valley Stream, Long Island,

where it is removing 200 houses to make way for the new Southern Highway, which will take six lines of traffic. The houses are all ranch-style homes of the three-bedroom type and nothing need be removed from the houses, as the big machine carries them away complete as soon as the water, gas and electricity have been cut off. The removal of each house takes three days, and a house is set aside on the new site to accommodate each family while their home is being moved. Not even the television aerial was removed from the house shown above.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

In the scholastic establishment which more than forty years ago I attended, it was our custom to sing a song, among others, which declared that, in the view of healthy and right-minded boys, there was no month like October. The reason for this strongly expressed preference—and, being a particularly good song, it was always sung with immense noise and gusto—was that it brought the cold weather down, "when the wind and the rain continue," a curious taste when one considers

NEW LIGHT ON

it. Few of those who sang the song then would be hardy enough to-day, I imagine, to echo such strenuous sentiments with sincerity. For we have reached an age when we could mostly do, except those of us who are dairy farmers, with a good deal less wind and rain and a great deal more sun! should probably be more likely now to endorse the later verse in the song, in which the girls, poor, weakling creatures, express their liking for May—

"For May! for May!"
the girls all say,
"How mild the air
that blows is! How nicely sweet the soft spring day! How sweetly nice the roses!"

or even, the more forwardlooking of us, for March, which was the month in the song selected by the 'student pale and meagre'

—the wretched smug or swot—who declared that it brought him "theme and lesson and prize, And scholarship O so eager."

But Edward Bowen knew his boys, and so did John Farmer, and a splendid song they made of it, with its thundering chorus of

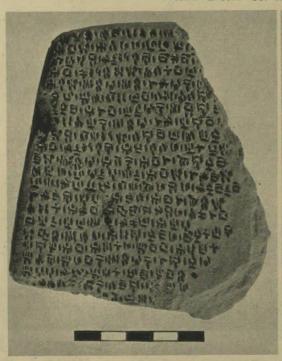
October | October | March to the dull and sober!
The suns of May for the schoolgirls' play,
But give to the boys October!"

I have now, however, reached an age in which I am entitled to an individual preference, and, despite the underlying sadness of the month, and, despite the underlying sadness of the month, I plump on the whole for September. Keats had the same preference; and what could be lovelier than an English walled garden, full of flowers and fruit and drowsy insects, on a sunny September morning. And the sun, as a rule, I find shines more consistently in early September than in any other season of the English year. But it is for one memory in particular that I love the month. It was close on thirty years ago that at month. It was close on thirty years ago that at the beginning of September I bade a sad farewell to a great house in the North Country in which I had been staying, and which I knew I was seeing for the last time, and which, a few months later, though I did not then know it, was to suffer under the axe and dynamite of the house-breaker. All day I draws outhwards, through the breaker. All day I drove southwards, through the rich Midland countryside, past noble parks and trees—still untouched by the fate that was lying in wait for them also a generation ahead—until towards evening of a calm and lovely day I reached the little North Buckinghamshire village

where I was to live for the next twenty years. The ancient house on its moated mound just outside the village which for so long was to be my home was still in the hands of the builders and decorators; I can even now vividly recall the name of the firm that carried out the work and the faces of the genial local worthies who were its unchanging members and employees, and who, during the next three intensely exciting, yet peaceful weeks, were to become my close allies and friends. Until the house was ready for occupation I had arranged to stay in the village post-office half-a-mile away, "a cottage well-thatched with straw" and kept by some of the kindest people I had ever encountered. Thence every morning I and my companion set out along a grassy, nut-grown, Thence every morning I and my companion set out along a grassy, nut-grown, elm-bordered lane which took us, without crossing or touching a road, to the old white house, with its tall, Elizabethan chimneys and beautiful red-brick

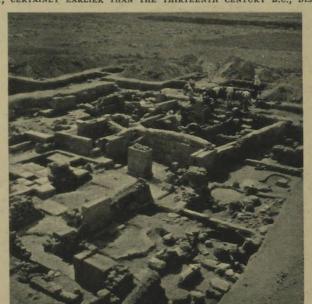
seventeenth-century wall, on which all our worldly hopes and interests had momentarily become centred. Beside us walked a great, grey, deep-ruffed, deep-chested dog, of Gladstonian dignity, of terrifyingly wolf-like appearance, and of almost unbelievable gentleness, who from the first moment adopted his future home as though he had lived there for ever, and so though he known that beneath the grass of its quiet lawn, sheltered from as though he knew that beneath the grass of its quiet lawn, sheltered from wind and sound by its high yew hedges, he was

NEW LIGHT ON ANCIENT CYPRUS.





THE FIRST CONSIDERABLE TEXT TO BE DISCOVERED OF THE ANCIENT CYPRO-MINOAN SCRIPT; THE TWO FACES OF THE CLAY TABLET, CERTAINLY EARLIER THAN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C., DISCOVERED AT ENKOMI.



THE "TEMPLE" SITE AT ENKOMI. THE INSCRIBED TABLET
ABOVE WAS FOUND UNDER A HEARTH AT APPROXIMATELY THE BOTTOM RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF THESE BUILDINGS.

This tablet was found at Enkomi, in Cyprus, during excavations carried out by Mr. Porphyrios Dikaios, F.S.A., Curator of the Cyprus Museum, and forming part of the joint work done with the French Mission under Dr. C. F. A. Schaeffer. The tablet was found during supplementary work, after the formal excavations had closed, among sherds which had been used as a foundation for a hearth of the thirteenth century B.C. It is of hard-baked clay of pinkish colour, and although fragmentary is, nevertheless, in excellent preservation. It contains the only known considerable text in the Cypro-Minoan (or Cypro-Mycenaean) script, which was previously known only from clay balls, cylinder seals, vessels and bronze objects and from a very badly preserved fragment of tablet found last year at Enkomi. The new tablet (11 by 9.5 cms.) contains 22 lines on one face and 16 lines (not so well preserved) on the other; and its discovery is an event of major importance. If ever deciphered through the Cyprio-Minoan one, much may be learnt about the history of Enkomi and Cyprus in general. Its discovery also gives hopes that yet more tablets may be found at or near this site.

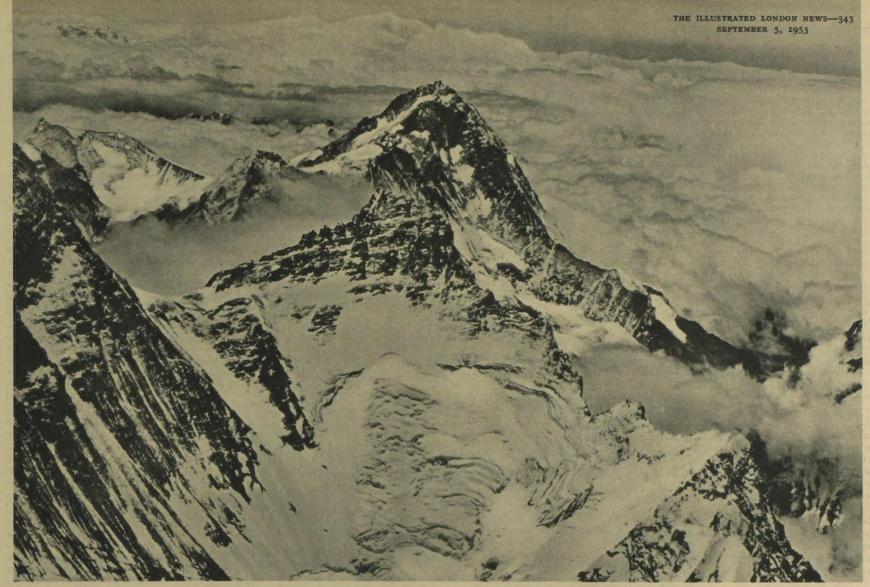
returned for our evening meal down the elm-lined lane, the calm September days would pass in a whirl of unceasing, exciting activity in house and garden, as we supervised and helped—or hindered —builder and gardener, unpacked boxes of books and papers, china and glass, and arranged the furniture and hung the pictures as each of the rooms was made ready for habitation. I can still see the glittering white of the newly-painted walls and the friendly, beautiful oak of the beams stripped of their many coats, the shining elm staircase, the vast fireplace we undug in one room, and the beautiful carved Jacobean over-mantel of another, the old

to find after seven happy years his eternal resting-place. Then, until we

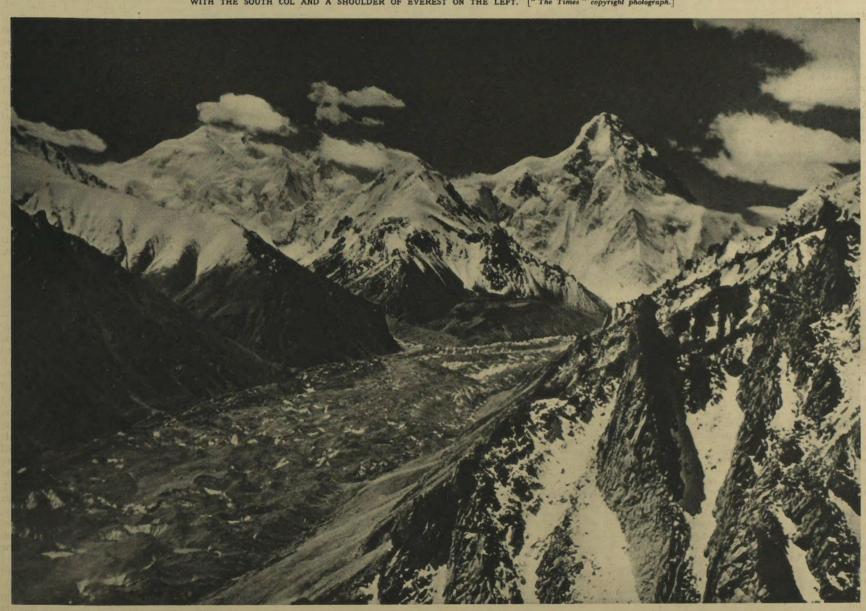
walnut and mahogany
wovered at enkomi. furniture that we had
brought with us that fitted
into their places in their new home as though into their places in their new home as though they had been made for it, and the seventeenth and eighteenth-century ladies and gentlemen in their gilt frames who seemed to accept, so sur-prisingly and naturally, their new and humbler home as if it was part of the eternal order of things. They looked down as though they were happy, and as though the serenity of that enchanting, welcoming little house had won their hearts, as it had won ours, as soon as they were carried into it. carried into it.

And outside was that mellow September, and the gentle, rolling fields and guardian elms of the North Buckinghamshire plain, imperceptibly turning from green to gold at the warning of the first night frosts after those warm, sun-kist, misty days. There was no sound of anything but birds and human voices, of the cattle in the fields, and and human voices, of the cattle in the fields, and the distant noises of the quiet village street. All the houses in it were either of rosy seventeenth-century brick, with high-pitched roofs, or of whitewashed walls with half-timbering and thatch, and all stood almost hidden from one another and the world in groves and clusters of elms. There were no aeroplanes, no sounds of elms. There were no aeroplanes, no sounds of wireless, no lights but the soft glow of oil-lamps, round which we sat at nights reading in a profound country quiet. The restless modern world existed, but it was still, though we were only fifty miles from London, far away. I have never known so peaceful a place, or so gently happy a one, and that September for me was like a kind of honeymoon between man and earth, dweller and home. I became naturalised, as it were, into the quiet land I had chosen and which was to be my background for so long. There was no sense of strangeness, none of unfamiliarity; it was as though I had been born there, and even the beloved Wiltshire haunts of my boyhood did not seem any more home than of my boyhood did not seem any more home than

Perhaps it had such magic for me because this unassuming yet this. Perhaps it had such magic for me because this unassuming yet enchanted countryside, drawing its atmosphere from an incredibly ancient woodland past—for it had once been part of the forest of Bernwood—formed a high watershed between the East Anglian sands, where I was born, and the south-western beechwoods, where I was bred. I cannot explain it, but can only record the fact of my sudden and glad enslavement, and the love and gratitude I still feel for that friendly land of elms, sloping meadows, ancient oaks and leafy hamlets, and for the benediction of the kindly autumn month in which I was first made free of it.



A NEW OBJECTIVE FOR THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST: THE UNCLIMBED HIMALAYAN PEAK OF MAKALU (27,790 FT.) TOWERING BEYOND THE RUGGED PEAKS OF LHOTSE (CENTRE), WITH THE SOUTH COL AND A SHOULDER OF EVEREST ON THE LEFT. [" The Times" copyright photograph.]



THE AMERICAN ATTEMPT TO CLIMB THE SECOND-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN THE WORLD: A VIEW OF MOUNT GODWIN AUSTEN (28,250 FT.) AND THE GLACIER. [Photograph by Eric Shipton.]

It was recently announced that Sir Edmund Hillary, who with Bhutia Tensing reached the summit of Everest on May 29, is to lead a New Zealand expedition on the unclimbed peak of Makalu (27,790 ft.), the fifth-highest in the world. The party will consist of eight New Zealanders and two British climbers. On August 26 it was announced that the American attempt to climb Mount Godwin Austen (28,250 ft.), otherwise known as K2, the second-highest mountain in

the world, had failed owing to bad weather conditions. A member of the expedition was reported to have lost his life and two others were badly frost-bitten. The expedition established Camp VIII. at 26,000 ft. on August 1, but a five-day storm prevented the climbers from going higher, and they returned to their base camp on August 16. The expedition was the first to attempt to climb the mountain for fifteen years.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD. REFLECTIONS ON RETIREMENT.

By CYRIL FALLS.

FOR the first time in seven years I do

FOR the first time in seven years I do not describe myself at the head of this article as holder of a professorial chair in the University of Oxford. It seems only the other day that I stood up in the Hall of All Souls' College and, after bowing to the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, delivered my inaugural lecture, "Before the University of Oxford," as the published copy states in lofty and, in truth, exaggerated style. (The lecture was, at all events, delivered before some 200 members of the University, and that was an audience never approached at any subsequent official lecture.) I suppose that all who retire from an interesting appointment feel some regret, even if they also feel tired, which—I am glad to say—I do not. I have been working hard since the end of the Trinity Term, and, if my health remains good, I hope my pen and brain will maintain their standard, such as it is, for a good many years to come. I have quite an ambitious programme before me, and with reasonable fortune I can hope to extend it beyond my present plans.

The Chichele Chair of the History of War at Oxford, first of all known as the Chair of Military History, has not a long history. The first holder was Spenser Wilkinson, who had been, like myself, both military historian and journalist. work, in my opinion, was that in which he studied the military education of Napoleon: "The Defence of Piedmont," "The French Army Before Napoleon," and "The Rise of General Bonaparte." He was an excellent writer and an imaginative student of warfare, as his famous book of short stories, "The Green Curve," testifies. He retired during the Second World War, but the Chair was not filled until after it was over. I was the third holder, appointed in 1946. As the title sometimes puzzles people outside academic life, I may explain that certain professorial chairs attached to All Souls are named in honour of Archbishop Chichele, co-founder of the College with King Henry VI.

The chief task of the holder of this Chichele Chair must obviously be to teach, by lect

that men taking this special subject have held their own. The holder perhaps carries one extra responsibility: while there are a number of tutors who are first-class teachers of military history, this is not part of the normal academic historical equipment, so that there is often a shortage. Being new to the work and perhaps slow in the uptake, I did not at first realise how important was the seminar in these circumstances, because it goes further to replace private tuition than the lecture can. In a seminar two heads are better than one. Looking back now I appreciate clearly how much I owed to the colleague who worked with me and at the start gave me invaluable at the start gave me invaluable advice from his much longer experience. Apart from the special subject, the Professor is given a pretty free hand as regards lectures on other subjects which fit into the syllabus of the School of Modern History. It is not much good his offering any which do not appear to have a utilitarian value

The use of the academic study

The use of the academic study of military history has in this country only been recognised recently. It is not even now always admitted to be desirable, but the subject has in the last few years strengthened its position in the majority of our universities. The lack of study of military history in the past actually led in some cases to completely false conceptions in the minds of distinguished historians. This was notably the case with one subject on which I have recently been at work—the war with Spain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I. The nineteenth-century English historians assumed that the defeat of the Armada broke the naval power of Spain and freed England from all serious anxiety. Both these assumptions were shown by Sir Julian Corbett to be fallacies. A first-class modern historian, who would certainly acknowledge his debt to Corbett, takes a very different view. Keith Feiling writes: "Strong galleons of the 'Indian Guard' and swift treasure-carrying cruisers, excellent fortifications in the Islands [Azores], convoy from St, Helena for the carracks coming from India—against these Drake's method of surprise had lost its

power." And year after year England was threatened by Spanish fleets far superior to that which comprised the Armada of 1588.

the Armada of 1588.

I give this as admittedly a rare example of how a broad background may be falsified by lack of comprehension of military affairs. I do not pretend that it would be easy to parallel. Yet on a smaller scale misapprehensions of a similar kind would not, I think, be difficult to find. Again, there existed until recently a tendency to minimise the effects of war which also distorted history. With this was coupled a belief that wars were no more than instruments of destiny and never its creator. Thus it was made to appear that the fluctuations of power were the results of inevitable and predestined causes, mainly economic, and that wars merely went along with deep changes; they had little part in making them and were themselves as much subject as the changes to the laws of

A BRITISH GIFT TO ISRAEL



TO BE PLACED IN THE RNESSET, THE PARLIAMENT OF ISRAEL: A MASSIVE BRONZE SEVEN-BRANCH

TO BE PLACED IN THE RNESSET, THE PARLIAMENT OF ISRAEL: A MASSIVE BRONZE SEVEN-BRANCH CANDLESTICK—A MENORAR—BY BENNO ELKAN, THE SYMBOL OF A LIGHT NEVER QUENCHED.

A massive bronze Seven-Branch Candlestick, a Menorah, by Benno Elkan, is being presented to the Parliament of Israel as a token of goodwill and friendship from Britain to the young State. It is intended that it shall be placed in the new Parliament House to be built in Jerusalem, and the authorities of the Knesset are in favour of the proposal. The idea was put forward first by members of a Parliamentary delegation which recently visited Israel. The members of it and other friends and well-wishers of the young State formed a representative committee, which includes members of both Houses, under the chairmanship of Mr. Clement Davies, with Lord Samuel as president. The Menorah is for the Jewish people a symbol of Light and Aspiration. It was in use by them far back in history in their own land; has gone with them in their long wanderings, lighted all through the centuries on festive and ritual occasions as a sign of undying hope and faith; it is now the emblem of the new State of Israel. Mr. Benno Elkan has in this Menorah "sought to give visual expression to the spiritual history of the Jewish people—from the days of Abraham to those of the Warsaw Chetto. It shows the determined valour of the fighters for freedom against slavery, the age-long revolt against oppression of the spirit; the bitterness of homelessness and the joy of return from exile into their native land." After it has been cast in bronze it will be exhibited in London for a time before going to Israel.

predestination. Few broadminded historians still cling to this belief, but remains of its misty atmosphere still survive.

It is untrue that war has not over and over again profoundly altered the course of history. It is equally untrue that the results of war are, as a rule, inevitable. Let it be admitted that in some cases they can be described as such. In a few cases, indeed, not only all observers, but the participants themselves, can discern where victory will lie. Yet the results of most wars are determined by the chances of battle; in most instances those chances are pretty evenly balanced and in quite a large number the prophets find themselves in the wrong. The reason is simple; though rulers and States have often enough gone rashly to war, in the majority of cases they do not do so without careful consideration, so that most wars do not start with a vast disparity between the forces standing face to face. The inexperienced reader who

finds that at the Battle of Solferino in 1859 Napoleon III. and the Emperor Francis Joseph led armies of almost precisely equal strength, 160,000 each, may feel astonished. He might rather regard this situation as logical, because one or the other would have made every effort to avoid war if he had felt himself to be in an inferiority.

No one who makes a careful study of the Civil War in England can assert that there was inevitability in the result. At one moment, indeed, the Royalists appeared to have taken the measure of their foes, and with better leadership there is no reason why they should ever have lost that ascendancy. If they had emerged victorious the evolution of Parliamentary government would have followed other lines. Another great civil war, that which followed the First World War in Russia, is often regarded as unimportant because it is believed that there never was any doubt about the result. This again is false. When Kolchak's offensive was at its height and Denikin's was gathering momentum there was a probability that the Bolsheviks would suffer final defeat. Lenin, we have reason to know, was depressed about the prospects and did not believe that there was any certainty of victory for his side even after Kolchak had been defeated. In this case the result was of far more importance than that of our civil war, because the Russian revolution and its effects upon the world have been the most portentous event of

and its effects upon the world have been the most portentous event of

this century.
Finally, I believe that the widest possible knowledge of military history in a community is of utilitarian value and that the lack of it tarian value and that the lack of it in ours has been harmful in the past. When I talk of military history in this connection I refer in particular to grand strategy and the economic and administrative background of war. It is important from the point of view of public opinion that a section of those who form it should have the benefit of a historical background which makes it possible to assess and to understand the causes of war. Politicians are none too strong in this respect and, however strong they may be, they can too strong in this respect and, however strong they may be, they can not nowadays do unpopular things without the aid of an intelligent public. It is often said that during the decade before the Second World War the public was blind and bewildered because it lacked strong political leaders. There is truth in the charge, but it is also true that part of the weakness was in the public itself and probable that this was due to lack of historical background. Obviously, not all can have this, but such knowledge does tend to percolate into a far wider

have this, but such knowledge does tend to percolate into a far wider public than that which possesses it.

This is why I say that teaching of the political, economic and strategic history of warfare is valuable and why I am glad to note that it has become more general. I do not suggest that every student should stop there. Some at least ought to go farther and tackle the technical and the tactical. My own experience has been induced to take the first step are apt to take the second of their own accord, finding in the subject a fascination

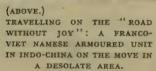
have been induced to take the first step are apt to take the second of their own accord, finding in the subject a fascination which in all probability they little expected to feel. To give one illustration of what I mean, I found recently that one subject, the technique of naval warfare in the days of sail, made a strong appeal and that a number of the technique of naval warfare in the days of sail, made a strong appeal and that a number of the most promising men were eager to read all they could about it. Knowledge of that sort is not, of course, a national asset, except in the sense that all historical knowledge is, as a all historical knowledge is, as a all historical knowledge is, as a ameans of broadening and making fruitful the mind. That is the first purpose of education, except that which is purely vocational.

My seven years at Oxford have been as good as any I have known in my life. Work is made easier and time is saved when one lives beside a library as good as the Codrington at All Souls, and when it fails one has only to cross the road to enter the Bodleian. In term-time I pretty regularly spent five nights a week in my rooms in college and only two at home in London. With one exception, I do not suppose that any other Fellow passed as much of his time within All Souls during those particular years. I went when it was still struggling to recover from the effects of the war and stayed long enough to see it virtually back to its old standards in all respects. I believe that it possesses vitality and can adapt itself to the needs of to-day, without losing the qualities which have made it unique. But I am not writing about All Souls, though it was so much part of my life at Oxford. I hope to see it again, but I have said farewell to the Chair which is attached to it.

RECENT FRENCH OFFENSIVES IN INDO-CHINA: OPERATIONS "CAMARGUE" AND "HIRONDELLE."



OPERATION "CAMARGUE": FRANCO-VIET NAMESE TROOPS MOVING INLAND AFTER LANDING ON THE COAST 28 MILES FROM THE PORT OF HUÉ ON JULY 28.



ON July 17 about 5000
French and Viet Namese
paratroops were dropped on
a large Viet Minh supply
base at Langson, about six
miles from the TongkingChinese border. The operation, known as Operation
"Hirondelle," was successfully concluded on July 18,
when the parachute battalions, having destroyed
some 5000 tons of material,
including arms and ammunition, joined up with a relief
column from the Hanoi
defence area, sent to cover
their withdrawal. The French
Union forces suffered very
few casualties, although some
men collapsed in the intense
heat during the arduous
retirement. On July 28 the
French launched Operation
"Camargue" by landing
tanks and artillery from the
sea to engage Viet Minh
forces in the Hué-Quang
Tri area, and also dropped
two parachute battalions.
Owing to the arid nature of
the area it is known to the
French as "Road Without
Joy." The ground troops,
numbering 10,000 men, were
given air support, and 1550
casualties were inflicted on
the Viet Minh forces.



RETURNING IN THE LANDING-SHIP ORNE ON THE COMPLETION OF OPERATION "HIRONDELLE": FRENCH AND VIET NAMESE PARATROOFS RESTING AFTER A DARING RAID ON LANGSON.



KEEPING THEIR WEAPONS DRY WHILE SWIMMING A RIVER: MEN OF A VIET NAMESE RIFLE BATTALION CARRYING OUT AN ENCIRCLING MOVEMENT IN DIFFICULT COUNTRY.



OPERATION "CAMARGUE": FRENCH TROOPS WATCHING THEIR SUPPORTING AIRCRAFT BOMBING A STRONG-POINT WHICH HAD HELD UP THE ADVANCE FROM THE SEA.

EXCAVATIONS AT BAIÆ: UNCOVERING THE WORLD'S FIRST SPA

THE FIRST YEARS OF A PROJECT OF IMMENSE PROMISE. By Professor AMEDEO MAIURI.

ONE of the most important orthogonal Control of the ancient world—the Thermal Baths at Balæ, on the Bay of Naples has just been opened to the public. The excavations, which were begun in 1941, interrupted by the war and resumed in 1951, have now, after three years of hard work, led to the discovery of three great thermal buildings—of which previously nothing was known except their larger halls or appear (which mere he temple the property of the property of the property of the temple the temple of the property of the temple of the property and Dianaj and mentioned in antiquity as among the most were begun in 1941, interrupted antiquity as among the most splendid examples of Roman thermal architecture. But as a result of the slow sinking of the whole of the coast of the Bay of Pozzuoli, and with it the ancient mineral springs, and owing to the transference of the thermal cures of Baiæ to the waters and muds of Ischia, it seemed that the Thermal Baths of Baiæ, at the end of their practical use (which came two or three centuries ago), were condemned to abandonment and destruction; and the whole enchanting hillside, full of flowers and per-fumed with myrtle-regarded by the ancients as an essential part of such cures—had been transformed into vineyards and cut into deeply, in a number of places, by the Pozzolana caves,

cut into deeply, in a number of places, by the Pozzolana caves, which is now, formed, one of the best cements for making mortar. Despite the damage done by both Nature and man, the mass of the Blaian constructions seemed still so important that without heattalon we undertook the labour of excavation and systematisation, since we were convinced of the exceptional interest which the discovery of the biggest and most famous thermal institution and health resert of the ancient world would afford. Among the many ancient witnesses to the beauties, luxury and sophistication of life at Bais, from Horace to Propertius and Martial, from Gight of 59 A.D., the chief sources brilliantly describes the tragedy of Nero's martiside on a quiet for the therapeutic virtues of Baise are then naturalist Pliny, the Elder, and the medical writer Celsius. Pliny enumerates the great riches and variety of mineral waters which spring supplying salt, aliam and bittumen; the degree of heat which is such as to heat the air without the need of any hype-





FIG. I. EXCAVATING THE FIRST OF THE WORLD'S SPAS AND THE MOST LUXURIOUS RESORT OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE: THE TERRACES OF BALE, NOW BEING CLEARED OF CULTIVATION AND RUBBLE



AWAY BY THE ACTION OF MARINE MOLLUSCS

AND IMPERIAL ROME'S MOST LUXURIOUS HOLIDAY RESORT.



WHERE THE NOBLE AND RICH OF IMPERIAL ROME RESTED DURING THEIR CURES AND WATCHED THE PRESENTATION OF MARINE MYTHS: THE NYMPHÆUM THEATRE ON THE TERRACES OVERLOOKING THE SEA AT BALE, WITH ITS FOUNTAIN POOL. PART OF THE RECENT EXCAVATIONS

Continuat.]
specific cures everything
which may ease and console
man's spirit. All that part
which was not the thermal
establishment was filled
with seats for repose,
shaded paths for sauntering
in sun lunges decorated in, sun lounges, decorated squares for bath-chairs, theatres and auditoriums for those who wished to watch theatrical shows on marine themes and the spectacle of the bathers and the day and night life of the Roman Empire's most luxurious and lively thermal resort. In the thermal buildings so far excavated, the most singular is the one which shows us, above an elaborate bathing-pool (which, like a lake, received the thermo-mineral waters especially adapted for curing digestive and skin diseases), a semi-circular terrace (Fig. 4) in the form of a nymphæum theatre, in the orchestra of which a in the orchestra of which a deep circular pool had been out out, perhaps for a fountain and perhaps also for the presentation of mythological tables on marine themes. But archæological research at Baiæ has not stopped short at the finding of monu-ments which have remained subsoil. Baiæ's great pro-mise lies as much in the submerged maritime quarter as in the thermal halls—that quarter which, owing to the gradual sinking of the earth's surface, has



FIG. 5. THE NEWLY-EXPOSED TERRACES OF BALE FROM THE SEA. THE NYMPHABUM OF FIG. 4 LIES ABOUT THE CENTRE OF THIS PICTURE, ABOVE THE MASSIVE CENTRAL ARCH. IN THIS AREA WAS A GREAT THERMAL TANK FOR THE TREATMENT OF DIGESTIVE AND SKIN DISEASES.

Continued.] remained buried some 8 to 10 metres (26 to 33 ft.) deep below water and mud. Some twenty-five years ago the opera-tion of dragging the mirror-like water opposite what is to-day the causeway, yielded columns, re-liefs, cornices and richly-decorated beam-work, a series of beautiful sculptures belonging to the buildings which used at one time to form Baiæ's seafront. One of these sculptures, a Satyr (Fig. 3), must have stood for a long time rising like a flower from the water in such a way as to be subjected by marine molluses to erosion as affected the columns of the so-called Temple of Serapis at Pozzuoli but other more lovely damaged by blows received during the dragging operations from the sea-bottor of preservation (Fig. 2). Conditions like this will most certainly be con-firmed when we have the means to carry out an underwater

excavation of the

tanks and the great

submerged thermal

appear as a huge



THE TWILIGHT OF THE SECOND GERMAN NAVY.



"THE TIRPITZ"; By DAVID WOODWARD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. DAVID WOODWARD, who tells the story of the life, adventures and catastrophic end of what was the biggest warship in the Western Hemisphere, is a war correspondent who was in at the death of the Second German Navy. He was in a hotel at Copenhagen. Germany had only two ships larger than destroyers still in commission: the Prinz Eugen, which was ultimately "expended" at Bikini, and the Nürnberg, which was handed over to the Russians. "A defence company of 13 Parachute Battalion of the Sixth Airborne Division flew into Kastrup airport at Copenhagen the day after the surrender on Lüneberg Heath, and found Danish resistance forces in charge of the situation. The German fleet lay in the dockyard area by the Citadel, and German troops were still walking about the streets... Next day Germany's second dream of commanding the seas ended. A battered Volkswagen with a big white flag drove around the Kongens Nytorv, the main public square of Copenhagen, and pulled up outside the Hotel d'Angleterre, where the British authorities had taken up their quarters. In the car were two deathly pale German naval officers in worn leather overcoats and battered caps, the badges of which were frayed and tarnished, a naval driver and a sour-looking woman wearing the blouse of the German Wrens with civilian skirt and stockings. The woman got out of the car and came up to the only person in sight wearing a British uniform, a war correspondent (the present writer) who stood at the hotel entrance talking to the head porter. She said that she had come with the two officers to arrange for the handing over of the German warships in the port."

In a film the surrender would have been made to the war correspondent, possibly impersonated by Mr. Errol Flynn or an Englishman whom I shall leave nameless. But this war correspondent left it to the porter to inform the deputation that there was a British Admiral upstairs in Room 104, and thought to himself: "History had happened to him at sea. Six years of war were ending upstairs in the drawingroom of a hotel suite." Six years of warfare had been waged, and that this small episode should be reached in spring sunshine in Copenhagen "was why ships and their crews had burned or drowned, why submarines had been riven, why shipyards from the Pacific coast to the blitzed Tyne had worked a continuous overtime, and why scientists in still labora-

tories had done incomprehensible things which had made the business of protecting life and taking it more efficient."

The end of the war left the correspondent meditating on the nature and complications of sea power; and his attention was ultimately centred on the *Tirpitz*, which symbolised at once the threat which Germany (thirsting for power and not, like ourselves, depending for livelihood on a protecting Fleet) had aimed at the world and ourselves, and exemplified the influence which a big ship (the *Bismarck* was another) may wield over the dispositions of its enemies. The *Tirpitz* was handicapped. "Apart from shortage of oil [and it was oil and corn which Hitler was after in the East], she suffered from one other great handicap, lack of a

hastratedy, and to see with her to look for victims and to warn her of the approach of enemies too powerful to be fought; the degree of her harmfulness would thus have been increased many fold." But even as things were, this immense potential raider virtually immobilised great naval forces. "We never dared leave her alone; first, we tried the torpedo bombers from an aircraft-carrier; then the R.A.F. had a go with bombs and depth-charges. Both these attempts failed. Then British frogmen were smuggled through the German

net defences in a 55-ft. fishing cutter. In 1943 she was damaged by midget submarines. The very day she finished repairing, planes from six aircraft-carriers attacked her, but the ship survived." Finally, when she had crawled to a harbourage within easier reach of land-based bombers, the R.A.F. carried out three attacks with 10,000-lb. bombs. The German smoke-



"THE TIRPITE BEHIND TORPEDO NETS AT HER BASE IN ALTENFIORD": A VIEW OF THE SISTER-SHIP OF THE ILL-FATED BISMARCK, WHOSE STRATEGIC FUNCTION WAS TO PROTECT THE GERMAN POSITION IN THE NORWEGIAN AND ARCTIC AREAS BY THREATENING THE FLANK OF ALLIED OPERATIONS AGAINST THE NORTHERN NORWEGIAN AREAS, BY ATTACKING WHITE SEA CONVOYS, AND BY TYING DOWN HEAVY ALLIED FORCES IN THE ATLANTIC.

from a room above the morgue at Tromsö, of whom it is here recorded that Mr. Lindberg, the Norwegian, was soon on the air reporting that the ship was sunk keel upwards, and that the Germans were laying out their dead downstairs—Mr. Lindberg had a comrade, Raaby, who used a German officer's aerial for his transmissions and survived to be a member of the crew of the Kon-Tiki.

Nothing could be more convincing than that. What, and how many, dead there were is not stated: the ship turned turtle, and carried twelve hundred men with her as suddenly and irremediably as

When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Not all her company were drowned with her. Seventy-five escaped through holes cut in her bottom, under the direction of the chief engineer, who happened to be ashore, and collected all the blow-torches he could find. Contact was made with more than could be saved. "One group of twenty men was heard signalling and a start with cutting was made. The men inside signalled that water was coming into the compartment and that it was quickly mounting. It reached their waists, then their chests, and then they had to swim. Still the cutting could not be finished and those working outside the hull heard the farewells of the doomed men and the first bars of 'Deutschland über Alles.' Then there was silence."

What a waste of heroism! one thinks, as so often. If only all that German guts, industry and willingness to endure to the end for a cause could have been harnessed to the chariot of European civilisation! If only the Germans could get over their notion of being a chosen and frustrated people! If only they would spare the rest of the world this perpetual simmering and occasional violent eruption! If only they would accept the elementary conditions of life, which includes history and geography, and become "good Europeans," amongst whom their old idol, Goethe, ranked himself! But these hankerings all belong to the vague realm of hypothetics. What Mr. Woodward finds himself facing at the end is the future of naval practice and naval theory, with especial reference to the co-operation of aircraft, land-based or sea-borne.

His judgments and speculations appear to me sensible; and might commend themselves to the late

Admiral Mahan, whose authorship of the classic

book on Sea Power would not have prevented him, were he still alive, from considering every new factor which has entered into naval problems since he died. In the past we have heard a confusion of voices: "The day of the big ship is over"; "The Fleet will always have an answer to the Air," etc., etc. The old business of the spear and the shield still goes on, with variants of spear and shield. The rocketchaser of atom bombers is in the latest news; a rocket-chaser of rocketchasers may come next. But it is difficult to conceive that a time will come when it will be as cheap to carry goods by air as by sea; and as long as they are carried by sea they will be subject (inter alia) to attack by sea and in need



"THE END—THE TIRPITZ UPSIDE-DOWN ON THE SEA-BED": A VIEW OF THE GREAT GERMAN BATTLESHIP WHICH FOR MONTHS WAS THE TARGET FOR BOMBS, TORPEDOES, MINES AND DEPTH-CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HER BY AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, BOMBERS, MIDGET SUBMARINES, FROGMEN AND A 55-FT. NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOAT.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Tirpitz"; by courlesy of the Publisher, William Kimber. (Imperial War Museum copyright.)

screen was not yet in action; the German fighters inexplicably did not appear; and over she went.

The bombers flew off, fairly sure that the work had been done. It wasn't long before it was certain that the Tirpitz was finished. A reconnaissance plane saw her upside-down in the flord, and then there came a message which would have had the grimmest of results had the Germans known of it and of its source. No one in English has yet fully told the story of the resolute Norwegian Resistance Movement, though a glimpse of its persistent bravery was given in that exciting book, "The Shetland Bus." For cool audacity it would be hard to beat the enterprise of the man who served us with a wireless transmitter

of maritime protection.

In the background lies the helicopter, still in its infancy, and aeroplanes of all sorts able to carry fuel for longer and longer distances.

What is certain is that every war ahead of us will spring surprises on us, and new inventions to cope with the surprises. What has long been certain (though too frequently forgotten in the pauses between wars) is that this overcrowded island lives largely on foreign food and must always be ready to defend its supplies—of old by ships alone, and now by ships and aeroplanes in combination.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 370 of this issue.

^{• &}quot;The Tirpitz: The Story, including the Destruction of the 'Scharnhorst,' of the Campaigns Against the German Battleship"; By David Woodward. Illustrated. (William Kimber; 15s.)

THE RAISING OF THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK: SALVAGE OPERATIONS AT PARKESTON QUAY.



THE RAISING OF THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH: A VIEW OF THE SALVAGE OPERATIONS, WITH TWO LIFTING LIGHTERS HAULING IN THE WIRE HAWSERS.



WITH HER PROPELLERS AND OTHER HEAVY EQUIPMENT REMOVED, READY FOR RAISING: THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK ON HER SIDE AT PARKESTON QUAY, HARWICH.

The Danish passenger ship Kronprins Frederik, 3895 tons, which was built in Denmark during the German occupation and left in an uncompleted state in a small harbour south of Copenhagen until after the liberation, made her maiden voyage in 1946 on the Harwich-Esbjerg run. She carried 300 passengers and had a speed of about 20 knots. In the evening of April 19 this year, while she was lying at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, fire broke out aboard while most of the crew were on



FLOATING, BUT WITH A LIST TO STARBOARD: THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK RAISED AND SHOWING THE BLISTERED PAINTWORK OF THE HULL FROM THE FIRE WHICH SANK HER IN APRIL.



SHOWING THE WIRE HAWSERS WHICH FORMED A CRADLE, USED IN LIFTING THE SHIP: THE PORT SIDE OF THE KRONPRINS FREDERIK, WITH WATER AND MUD BEING PUMPED OUT.

shore leave, and in a short time the ship was assame from the bows to the superstructure amidships. Five fire brigades fought the slames, but ten hours after the outbreak was discovered the *Kronprins Frederik* capsized. On August 26 the final stage in the work of refloating the ship was begun by the Liverpool and Glasgow Salvage Association and lifting craft, pulling on wire hawsers passed under the ship and attached to the port side, brought her nearly upright again.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE



THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED . . .

NE often hears it asserted: I am sure my dog has a sense of humour. The same assertion is made, though much less commonly, of a pet cat; and even more rarely of some other domestic pet. It is usually followed by the direct question: Do you think animals have a sense of humour? For the sake of convenience I usually answer in the affirmative, but such an equivocal and unqualified answer can have little of accuracy in it. To begin with, there are living to-day something of the order of a million different kinds of animals—even that is a conservative estimate, in all probability—ranging from the microscopic one-celled animal to the leviathan we call the blue whale, weighing 100 tons or more and measuring up to 100 ft. Moreover, there are many different kinds of humour recognised in human behaviour: if thoroughly classified, it might even be found that there are as many different kinds as there are living animal species. It is no wonder, then, that humour is almost impossible to define. At least, that is what I found when I went somewhat fully into the matter some

definition of it: and none seemed satisfactory.

I would suggest, therefore, that the real answer to the question is that a limited number of the higher animals may possess the beginnings of a sense of humour, best translated as a sense of fun. Even this guarded statement could, however, be highly controversial. There is more solid ground under our feet in regard to the further question, which usually follows the one quoted earlier. Or, rather, it is more often a statement containing an implied question: I'm sure my dog often laughs at me. Perhaps, then, we could examine this as a definitive question: Do animals ever laugh?

years ago. After thinking a good deal about humour and discussing it widely with others, I consulted the master philosophers, all of whom had a different

The little help contained in the English folk-lore rests in two things. First, there is the saying: "It was enough to make a cat laugh," used to denote an extreme and highly improbable form of humour, and thereby suggesting a well-founded scepticism in the ability of a cat to laugh. The second is contained in a nursery rhyme:

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon, The little dog laughed to see such fun, And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Nursery rhymes had originally, we are assured, a political meaning. Nevertheless, there is in this one a delightful conjunction of extreme improbabilities, suggesting that laughter in a dog is highly improbable.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

It was Darwin, I believe, and probably in his book "The Expression of the Emotions in Animals," who postulated that the human smile is a modified snarl. As another eminent scientist remarked to me at the close of a two-day symposium, during the course of which many theories and hypotheses had been propounded: "You can find an explanation for anything, but it does not follow it is the correct one." The long range of human smiles and laughs express a great variety of emotions and moods of varying



SHOWING THE EXPRESSION IN REPOSE, THE RELAXED MUSCLES OF THE FACE GIVING AS MEAR AS IS POSSIBLE THE EQUIVALENT OF THE HUMAN SMILE OF CONTENTMENT: A PUMA WHICH, EVEN UNDER THE STULTIFYING EFFECT OF CAPTIVITY, IS CAPABLE OF A FAIR RANGE OF FACIAL EXPRESSION.

It is natural to read into the changes in an animal's features meanings comparable with human expressions. To some extent this is justified, but for each species or family there is in this, as in all other aspects of behaviour, a characteristic pattern.

in this tail-wagging a marked and permanent change in the hereditary make-up of the Canids. It is no more possible to homologise the use of the laugh in human beings with the snarl, or other such things in the behaviour even of the higher animals than it is to interpret what a dog does with its tail as compared with a cat. Each is in a class of its own, comparable only in so far as each is used as a means of expressing inward emotion.

There seems a rooted idea that a dog, or any other of the higher animals, would in any case be incapable of laughing, simply because its features are less mobile than those of the human face. This I am inclined to question as a general statement. I once remarked to a scientific colleague that our dog has a more expressive face than I have. He replied that he found this difficult to accept, to which I replied that that was because he had not lived with this particular dog. Since then I have taken special notice, with this in mind, and have no reason to alter my original statement. To begin with, the dog, and especially being loose-lipped, has far more spare and pliable flesh covering his skull than I have. In addition, because he cannot use articulate speech, he is forced to express more with his facial features as well as the tail. Indeed, if I were capable of such mobility of expression and such complete changes in the appearance of the face, I should qualify for the personification of a Jekyll and Hyde. But that still does not justify any idea that he is capable of laughing. The mobility of expression and the use of the laugh are two separate things.

laughing. The mobility of expression and the use of the laugh are two separate things.

It may be argued that a dog, being domesticated and living so near to human beings, is not a fair example to take in illustrating this point, so I will fall back on what I know of the pumas in the London Zoo. These are rather favourites of mine, which I regard as the most handsome of the big cats. In addition to visiting their enclosure alone, I have several times accompanied Neave Parker when he has been trying to photograph them. It seems that the mere appearance of his camera has an adverse effect on them, and many a time he has lifted it to try for a particularly expressive "shot," to be greeted by an immediate snarl or at least a frown. In this aversion to being photographed my sympathies are all with the puma. Nevertheless, it does mean that a good series of photographic records of the puma's expressions has yet to be made, but the pictures printed on this page are sufficient to bear out the contention that a big cat, even under the stultifying effect of captivity, is capable of a fair range of facial expression.



EXPRESSING SEVERE DISAPPROVAL AT BEING PHOTOGRAPHED: A PUMA AT THE LONDON ZOO-THE MOST HANDSOME OF THE BIG CATS.



UNTOUCHED BY THE EXPERIENCES OF LIFE: A YOUNG PUMA UNBURDENED BY CARES OR RESPONSIBILITIES SELDOM LOSES ITS REPOSE.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

Even so, I can recall a friendly little dachshund which always, when called, or when it approached a person of its own volition, lifted the upper lip in the region of the canine teeth in an almost perfect simulation of a human smile. There was also another, one of several dogs that would come out from a gamekeeper's cottage to greet passers-by. It had the same trick of grimacing in this smile-like way, friendly but quite humourless, one would say. It may be that this trick is more common among domesticated dogs than I am aware, but in any case it cannot be very common, and it probably belongs to that class known as the recurrent mutation.

intensities, but in the majority of cases they are produced by the relaxation of the facial muscles, by the easing of muscular tension, which is the exact reverse of what happens in the production of a snarl. The angry or sinister smile or laugh could be a modified snarl, but that is all.

Laughing is a peculiarly human mode of expressing emotion, arising possibly from a stable mutation. In other words, it is a behavioural trick resulting from a marked and permanent change in the hereditary make-up of the Hominids. A dog has no need to laugh: it can express as much in the movements of the tail as we can in the face, and again we may see

If it were possible to have a puma as a pet, to watch it closely in all its moods, the range would probably be found to equal that of the most expressive of domesticated dogs.

To summarise: it is impossible to gauge what sense of humour an animal may possess. We can only have a personal opinion on the point, born of individual experience. The best we can say is that a sense of humour is more especially a human attribute. As to whether any animal is actually capable of laughing, again there must be individual opinions and preferences, but the truth is rather that it is exclusively or almost exclusively a human attribute.

THE CROSSBILL "INVASION" OF ENGLAND: RARE BIRDS FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN PINE FORESTS.



SHOWING THE POINTED AND OVERLAPPING TIPS OF THE BEAK FROM WHICH THE BIRD'S NAME IS DERIVED: A CROSSBILL, WHICH IN BRITAIN FEEDS PRINCIPALLY ON THE SEEDS OF THE SCOTS PINE.



RATHER LARGER IN SIZE THAN A GREENFINCH: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A HEN CROSSBILL (RIGHT)

AND A GREENFINCH AT A BIRD-BATH IN THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

In sending us these photographs, the majority of which were taken this year, Commander A. W. P. Robertson, R.N., M.B.O.U., writes: "Since June this year, many small flocks of crossbills have been reported from the eastern counties of England and Scotland. It seems probable that one of their periodic 'invasions' is taking place—a mass immigration of these rare birds from the pine forests of Scandinavia. In the Breckland district of Norfolk and Suffolk, a small resident colony has existed since the great invasion of 1910, and though these birds have been augmented from time to time by other invasions, the current one will be the first for nearly twenty years if it continues in strength. The crossbill is a member of the finch family that is highly specialised to feed and nest in coniferous trees and in Britain the seeds of the Scots pine are its principal food. In England the crossbill breeds in belts or spinneys of Scots pines and rarely, if ever, within the bounds of coniferous forests. The typical site is near the outer end of a flat branch, and in construction the nest is somewhat similar to that of a greenfinch, but at close quarters can be distinguished by the foundation of dead pine twigs on which it is based. The usual clutch is four eggs."



ON HER NEST ON A PINE BRANCH: A HEN CROSSBILL SEEN BROODING SMALL YOUNG.



ALMOST CERTAINLY IMMIGRANTS RECENTLY ARRIVED IN ENGLAND: SOME MEMBERS OF A FLOCK ABOUT TWENTY STRONG PHOTOGRAPHED NEAR THE EAST ANGLIAN COAST IN JULY.



ATTENDED BY AN ADULT HEN CROSSBILL: A YOUNG BIRD OF THE YEAR, PROBABLY FIVE MONTHS OLD, AT A BIRD-BATH.



THEATRE. THE WORLD OF THE

WHO'S THERE?

By J. C. TREWIN

THERE is a shout from the darkness, "Who's there?" "Nay, answer me," comes the startled reply: "Stand and unfold yourself." It is the beginning of "Hamlet": I must hold always that the two words, "Who's there?", when the curtain rises, are the most exciting we can ever hear in the theatre.

A few hours ago, in Edinburgh, I heard them from the Elsinore midnight. Now it is another midnight,

in East Lothian. Moonlight is splintered upon the wall of a castle that was old before "Hamlet" was written. Beyond, North Berwick Law is dim against the sky. Beyond the Law is the North Sea: we go, in imagination, to Denmark, Elsinore, and the "platform where we watched."

To-night the curtain did not rise on "Hamlet." There was no curtain. We sat about the platform-stage in the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland. Michael Benthall, who designed the Edinburgh Festival production for the broad prairie of this hall, is shortly to bring "Hamlet" to the Old Vic. It is a sage choice for the first play in a five years' progress through the works of Shakespeare. But is the casting wise? Now, fresh from "the platform where we watched," I must admit my doubts.

At the Vic, of course,

the production will be less distracting. Now and again, in the Assembly Hall, I found myself thinking of the Ghost's "Swift as quicksilver it courses through the

natural gates and alleys of the body." Mr. Benthall allowed his players to enter, as it were, by every gate and alley. They coursed (though not noticeably like quicksilver). If you sat at the end of a row, courtiers might brush past you, or Ophelia would dart out in her madness, or you would turn to find their Majesties of Denmark coming down behind the bier. There were, too, moments of dire peril. A distinguished drama critic beside me was all but impaled on a sword. As he observed, with some philosophy: "I can begin by saying, 'Last night I sat transfixed."

Swooping through the aisles became a little tire-some. So, also, was the "masking" on the platform-edge. In such a production as this it was inevitable. But it could be exasperating to have to peer between shoulders, and to reflect that even if (like London policemen) the courtiers of Denmark were a fine body of men, one back very much resembled another. Still, on other occasions all was well: for example, when Hamlet was speaking on the out-thrust prow; when, at the end, he and Laertes were duelling across the great platform, and even up the steps at the back; and, much earlier in the play, when at "Hamlet this deed, for thine especial safety," the King—his black-cloaked courtiers around him—moved towards Hamlet, menagingly, and slowly, down the platform length.

menacingly and slowly, down the platform-length.

There is no need to insist upon the details of this production. Mr. Benthall will adjust it to the Old Vic stage. What is more important is the playing; and this, in essentials, will not change. It is a pity, because Richard Burton is not yet a Hamlet. What is he? He is a likeable young man, though without the grace, the singular charm that a Hamlet should have (the sweet prince, the "expectancy and rose of the fair state"). He has

not much poetry. The words are noble, the delivery merely painstaking. The actor has little variety of expression, facial or vocal. In his quieter moments some of Hamlet comes through: thus he can deliver the homage to Horatio. But it would not be unfair to say that, vocally, this is at present a rendering on two notes—one soft, the other loud.

Mr. Burton can offer the outlines of Hamlet. It is as though he has roughed out

a portrait and is beginning to fill it in. No doubt the picture will grow. He is sternly sincere: sincerity, I am afraid, is not a full equipment for the most complex part ever written. I remember the high music of Gielgud, Olivier's exciting flash (not in the chipped, chopped film, but in the 1937 production at the Old Vic and at Elsinore), the grace of Maurice Evans, Paul Scofield's pathos, more than two-score Hamlets through the years. What will one recall from



"DO YOU SEE YONDER CLOUD THAT'S ALMOST IN SHAPE OF A CAMEL?": HAMLET (RICHARD BURTON) WITH POLONIUS (MICHARL HORDERN) IN A SCENE FROM THE OLD VIC COMPANY'S EDINBURGH FESTIVAL PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL

"AGE OF CONSENT" Haldans (August 22.) (Princes).—A conscientiously purposeful piece by Charlotte

Haldane: (August 22.)

"HAMLET" (Edinburgh Festival).—Michael Benthall, producing on the Assembly Hall platform, shows again that he is a good Shakespearean: he will have much to say at the Old Vic. But Richard Burton, though a sincere and likeable actor, has not yet the qualities of a Hamlet. (August 24.)

"ANNA LUCASTA" (Prince of Wales).—A revival of Philip Yordan's drama, with a Negro cast. (August 24.)

BALLETS DE PARIS ROLAND PETIT (Stoll).—The return of a much-approved French company. (August 24.)

'HENRY THE FOURTH'' (Arts).—A Cambridge cast in the complex Pirandello show-iece. (August 25.)

Richard Burton? Probably the first Hamlet's Ghost scenes, though here the

effect is largely the producer's.

We are again on the midnight battlements. The air bites shrewdly. Hamlet, in strung apprehension, is talking for talking's sake. Then the Ghost appears. But Hamlet does not turn. We realise that he feels the presence, that there is no need for Horatio to exclaim, "Look, my lord, it comes!" Staring straight

before him, the Prince crosses himself: "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us! Can it be a spirit of health or goblin damned? He must be sure. He questions it (Richard Burton misses the tenderness in the cry of "Father!"); steadfastly, he will not turn Then at last, as the Ghost moves, beckoning him away, Hamlet—very slowly—does turn. One wild cry of recognition; silence. Holding his sword-hilt as a cross before him, he follows, for

his "fate cries out."
That scene is treated impressively, even if we cannot believe that Hamlet would have held himself aloof so long. The scene that follows, with the Ghost spurring Hamlet to revenge, failed for me at the première because the Ghost was solidly flesh-and-blood. When he spoke he used a harsh, panting wheeze. True, spectres do not often orate at length, and this one had been silent for "twice two months." Alas, he sounded merely asthmatic: such pronunciations as "my smooth bo-o-dy" did not make him the more spectral.

My programme, as ever, is much-scribbled. To-night I am ignoring the notes. Here, in this country peace, an hour after the play (in an ample text, and rapidly presented, it took three-hours-and-a-half), what do I recall without prompting? First, then, the Queen of Fay Compton, who sets down the tired, conscience-frayed woman without an unsure inflection or a meaningless gesture; and the Horatio of William Squire, a beautifully lucid performance of one of the most endearing parts in Shakespeare. Edgar Wreford, straight from the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, doubles accurately the First Player (he should have marked the "whiff and wind" of the "fell sword") and the Gravedigger in quilted motley; Timothy Bateson makes a suave-sinister "waterfly" of Osric; and it is agreeable to watch two actors who have themselves played Hamlet-David Williams and John Dearth—as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, an inseparable pair with better chances than it is fashionable to suppose.

These return most easily to mind. I have known

that superb actor, Michael Hordern, in better form than as a fussy, "throw-away" Polonius in his dotage (it is a good idea to let him overhear Hamlet's "These tedious old fools"). Claire Bloom's Ophelia is calculated but not, I thought, very moving. And Laurence Hardy, a plummy-voiced, black-bearded King—Lucianus, the poisoner, is made up to resemble him—takes the imagination very seldom: he looks like a blend of brigand and toping monk. Robert Hardy's Laertes develops with the play: the duel is properly passionate.

Hamlet himself? Try as I will, I can find little

more to add. A note, maybe, on one expressive facial flash at "A' poisons him i' th' garden for 's estate''; regret at the flat failure with "I do not know why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do.'" All said, the evening disappointed. Yet, sitting now in the midnight silence, I know—as so often in the past—that even an inferior rendering of "Hamlet" can tingle in the theatre. I would not have been anywhere else to-night, though when Mr. Burton broke in upon the churchyard ceremonial with "This is I, Hamlet the Dane," it was hard to agree, in candour, that he was speaking the whole truth.

T. S. ELIOT'S NEW PLAY PRODUCED AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: "THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK," WITH SURFACE FUN AND DEEP UNDERTONES.



ACT 3: LUCASTA ANGEL (MARGARET LEIGHTON), CENTRE, ANNOUNCES HER ENGAGEMENT TO B. KAGHAN TO LADY ELIZABETH MULHAMMER, MR. EGGERSON AND SIR CLAUDE IN THE PRIVATE OFFICE OF THE LATTER'S LONDON HOME.



ACT I: LADY ELIZABETH MULHAMMER (ISABEL JEANS) ARRIVES HOME UNEXPECTEDLY FROM THE CONTINENT. MR. EGGERSON (ALAN WEBB), ON LEFT, AND SIR CLAUDE MULHAMMER (PAUL ROGERS).



ACT 2: LADY ELIZABETH MULHAMMER (ISABEL JEANS), DURING A VISIT TO COLBY SIMPKINS' FLAT IN A LONDON MEWS, HOPEFULLY RECOGNISES HER LONG-LOST ILLEGITIMATE SON IN COLBY SIMPKINS (DENHOLM ELLIOTT), ON LEFT, WHILE SIR CLAUDE (PAUL ROGERS) TRIES TO PERSUADE HER THAT SHE MAY BE MISTAKEN.



ACT 2: LUCASTA ANGEL (MARGARET LEIGHTON) AND COLBY SIMPKINS (DENHOLM ELLIOTT) DISCUSS COLBY'S AMBITIONS AND SHE REVEALS TO HIM THAT SHE IS SIR CLAUDE'S ILLEGITIMATE DAUGHTER.



ACT 3: COLBY SIMPKINS AND LUCASTA ANGEL PART AFTER THE FORMER'S PARENTAGE HAS BEEN DETERMINED.

"The Confidential Clerk," the eagerly-awaited new play by T. S. Eliot, was produced at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, on August 25. The author has chosen a theme of problems and imbroglios consequent on illegitimacy. Sir Claude Mulhammer (Paul Rogers) has engaged a new confidential clerk, Colby Simpkins, whom he believes to be his natural son. A frequent visitor to the house is Lucasta Angel, whose birth is also something of a mystery; and there is a third

character who knows himself to be a foundling. With this material T. S. Eliot has produced a brilliantly witty and entertaining play, whose deeper undertones and philosophical meanings may be ignored, while the surface fun alone is enjoyed. Mr. Eliot's verse in which "The Confidential Clerk" is written has "the precision and the personal and yet exquisitely unobtrusive rhythm of Congreve's prose," to quote *The Times* dramatic critic.



THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL, 1953, WHICH IS NOW IN PROGRESS: AN IMPRESSION OF AN ORCHESTRAL CONCERT IN THE USHER HALL, WHERE CORELLI'S TERCENTENARY AND VIOTTI'S BICENTENARY ARE BEING HONOURED THIS YEAR.

This year's Edinburgh Festival began on August 23 and ends on September 12. The programme, as usual, includes a magnificent series of Orchestral Concerts by leading orchestras in the fine setting of the Usher Hall, which accommodates an audience of 3500. This year is the tercentenary of Corelli, the earliest composer whose string music is in the modern concert repertory, and the first of a line of Italian violin composers, including Viotti, whose bicentenary falls this year. The Edinburgh Festival Society commissioned Michael Tippett's Fantasia Concertante on a Theme of Corelli, a work due for its first performance on August 29

by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra; conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent. Corelli's Concerto Grosso No. 2 in F Major was given at the opening Usher Hall concert on August 23 by the Rome Symphony Orchestra of the Italian Radio; conductor Fernando Previtali. The Philharmonia, the National Youth Orchestra of Great Britain, the Scottish National and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras are among those who are appearing in the Usher Hall; and among the famous conductors under whose bâtons they will play are Sir Adrian Boult, Dr. Karl Rankl, Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler, Mr. Herbert van Karajan and Professor Bruno Walter.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL ARTISTS: CONDUCTORS, ACTORS AND SOLOISTS.



SIR ADRIAN BOULT, CONDUCTING THE PHILLHARMONA AND NATIONAL YOUTH ORCHESTRAS OF GREAT BRITAIN.



DR. WILHELM FURTWANGLER, CONDUCTING THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



PROFESSOR BRUNO WALTER, CONDUCTING THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.



SIR MALCOLM SARGENT, THE FAMOUS BRITISH MUSICIAN, CONDUCTING THE B.B.C. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.



DR. KARL RANKL, CONDUCTING THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL ORCHESTRA.



SIGNOR VITTORIO GUI, CONDUCTING THE ROME SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE ITALIAN RADIO.



SIGNOR FERNANDO PREVITALI, CONDUCTING
THE ROME SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA OF THE
ITALIAN RADIO.



MR. HERBERT VON KARAJAN, CONDUCT-ING THE PHILIARMONIA ORCHESTRA.



MME. GIOCONDA DE VITO, VIOLINIST, SOLOIST AT ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.



MR. MAX ROSTAL, VIOLINIST, GIVING A RECITAL WITH MR. MEWTON WOOD, AT THE FREEMASONS' HALL.



MR. YEHUDI MENUHIN, VIOLINIST, SOLOIST AT ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AND GIVING A RECITAL.



MR. ISAAC STERN, VIOLINIST, SOLOIST AT ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.



MR. RICHARD BURTON, PLAYING THE TITLE-RÔLE IN THE OLD VIC'S "HAMLET" AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL.



MISS FAY COMPTON, THE GERTRUDE FOR THE OLD VIC PRODUCTION OF "HAMLET,"



MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON, WHO PLAYS LUCASTA IN T. S. ELIOT'S "THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK."



MR. DENIIOLM ELLIOTT, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE-RÔLE IN T. S. ELIOT'S "THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK."

The famous conductors appearing at the Edinburgh Festival include our own British Sir Adrian Boult and Sir Malcolm Sargent; distinguished visitors in the persons of Signori Previtali and Vittorio Gui, and such celebrated musicians as Dr. Wilhelm Furtwängler and Professor Bruno Walter. Particular emphasis is laid this year on the violin, and one of the most interesting concerts is that

arranged for September 6, when Mme. Gioconda de Vito, Mr. Yehudi Menuhin and Mr. Isaac Stern will play Vivaldi's Concerto for Three Violins with the Scottish National Orchestra, conducted by Dr. Karl Rankl. The Old Vic production of "Hamlet" is being given at the Assembly Hall on an apron stage. Mr. T. S. Eliot's "The Confidential Clerk" received a warm reception.

SEPTEMBER 5, 1953-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-357 156-THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS-SEPTEMBER 5, 1953



EDINBURGH, hostess to lovers of the Arts for three weeks (August 23-September 12) for her seventh annual Festival, is, to quote David Inglis in the Festival programme, Precipitously built upon a series of hills, yet her long, open streets provide promenades as fine and as spectacularly full of vistas as any you will find in Europe." Our panorama of the city from Arthur's Seat, with the dramatic Salisbury Crags in the foreground, shows the Firth of Forth in the right distance, the Castle in the centre, and the spire of St. Mary's Episcopal Cathedral beyond it. The spire of the Church of Sociated Assembly Hall is to and other landmarks are indicated on our plan. Our view of the Sectitish capital recalls that an Inquity into a proposal by Edishurgh Corporation to build 700 houses on the lower slopes of Arthur's Seat at the eastern end (not shown in our drawing), has just been

IN THE DRAWING.

consensed, held. Sir Patrick Abercrombie, who with Mr. Derek Plumstead, prepared the advisory plan for Edinburgh, gave evidence in support of the project. The Festival opened on August 23 with the usual service of praise and thanksgiving in St. Giles'. As noted on a previous page, a number of concerts will commemorate the tercentenary of Corelli; and some will also honour four centuries of the violin, and the bicentenary of Viotti. Glynde-bourne Opera are presenting "La Generatiola" and Strawinsky's new opera, "The Rake's Progress" (first stage presentation in Great Britain), as well as Morart's "idomence." Bailet performance, and the first performance of T. S. Ellot's "The Confidential Clerk," and Edwige Feullike and the first performance of the Strawinsky's the Confidential Clerk, and Edwige Feullike and called the Confidential Clerk, and Edwige Feullike and Confidential Clerk, and Co



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

A LTHOUGH there are over a hundred different known species of Eryngium, relatively few of them seem to be in general cultivation, and the few species that are to be found

in gardens do not seem to be particularly popular. This neglect is surprising and a great pity, for as a family of hardy herbaceous plants, mostly perennials, they are easy to grow and have exceptional charm and beauty. Perhaps the trouble is that the beauty

of Eryngiums runs to beauty of form, coupled with subdued, almost quakerly colours—steel-blue or blue-grey, with occasion-ally, in certain species, facings of ivory-white. Those are not attributes which are in general and popular demand to-day. It's colour that folk seem to want—clotted masses of riotous colour, from earliest spring till late autumn. They'd have it all winter, too, if they could, which almost reconciles me to the bitter poisons of winter and the blessed restful respite that they bring from the eternal colour riots that one meets in so many gardens to-day. No, the Eryngiumscannotcompeteeither in the market-place or in the flower borders with modern phloxes, lupins, delphiniums, petunias, sweet-williams, and the rest.

sweet-williams and the rest.

Perhaps the best place, in any case, for the Eryngiums is in isolated odd corners, and in mixed borders such as those at Hidcote Manor, where there are plenty of evergreen shrubs and flowers of subdued colour-tone to keep the masses of more brilliant colour in their proper place and proportion.

Looking back, I can only remember having grown four or five different species of Eryngium, and apart from them, I have met at odd times perhaps another three or four, whose names I forget. All of them have been more or less thistle or teasle-like in general appearance, and all of them have shared to a greater or less degree a prickly, thistle-like, touch-menot attitude towards the world in general.

One of the most prickly of them all is the beautiful wild sea holly, Eryngium maritimum, which is a not uncommon foreshore plant round the coasts of Britain. In many of the species the chief defensive armament is confined to the flower-heads and their surrounding involucres, whilst the leaves are completely unarmed. But in Eryngium maritimum the whole plant, leaves and all, is beset with procedure of predde the predde the procedure of predde the predde

whilst the leaves are completely unarmed. But in Eryngium maritimum the whole plant, leaves and all, is beset with prickles of needle-sharpness. The roots of this sea holly are fleshy thongs which quest far into the seashore shingle. In times past these roots were candied, to make a sort of sweetmeat. How delicious—or otherwise—candied sea-holly

roots were I can not say. It would be interesting to try them—once, at any rate—but I can imagine that the process of candying might be elaborate and tedious; in fact, just the thing for folk who are blessed with infinite patience and cursed with infinite surplus leisure. After that, I fully expect to be told that candying sea-holly roots is no more trouble than making the breakfast toast. As a plant for the garden Eryngium maritimum is decorative and beautiful in a quiet sort of way. A good plant for one of those lesser beds devoted to medium-to-small plants, out-of-the-way bulbs, and interesting odds and ends that don't seem to fit in among showier things, or more formal surroundings. Such a bed is

ERYNGIUM ALPINUM.

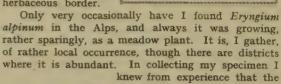
By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

invaluable—in fact, indispensable—to the curious gardener, and by curious I do not mean one who is himself curious or a curiosity, but one who likes, collects and grows curious, out-of-the-way plants.

I have never discovered that the Eryngiums have

any common English family name, though one does sometimes hear them spoken of collectively as sea hollies, or an individual species or specimen as "a sort of sea holly." During the last six or seven years I have been without any Eryngiums in my garden,

slightly incongruous, as plants so often do when, for the first time, one sees them growing wild, after having only known them before as oldest inhabitants of the herbaceous border.



knew from experience that the thick, fleshy root went deep into the soil, and that it was only necessary to dig out a crown with four or five inches of root attached. This I did, and within a few weeks of getting it home the fragment, having been heeledin in a bed of sand in a cold-frame, was sending out a nice crop of young rootlets from its base. Later it was planted in a narrow, raised bed on the east side of my house, where in very ordinary loam it has lived happily ever after, and flowered most beautifully. At the same time I feel very sure—knowing the nature of the plant—that the portion of root which I left behind in its alpine meadow was busily pushing up a fresh crown to replace the top which I had removed, with as much vigour and unconcern as any decapitated root of horse-radish.

One of the accepted ways

One of the accepted ways of propagating Eryngiums is by root cuttings. You dig up a plant, going deep to secure as much of the thick, fleshy roots as possible. These you cut into short lengths, and lay them in a box or pan of sandy soil, covering them to a depth of an inch or so. Kept in a cold-frame, each section of root will soon be pushing up leaf-shoots from one end, and sending down roots from the other. If I had not known that Eryngium alpinum had these good-natured and accommodating habits in the matter of root propagation and re-establishment, I would not have risked attempting to collect so lovely and relatively rare a plant.

rare a plant.

This summer in July my Alpine Eryngium flowered superbly. The plant threw up two flower-stems, each about 4 ft. 6 ins. high—which is rather taller than usual. Fortunately, thanks to a truly splendid photograph, I need not attempt to go into a detailed description of the flower-heads—the tall, central cone of tiny, actual flowers, set in a great collar, four to five inches across, of the finest steel-blue

filigree lacework. The stems, too, are blue, especially in their upper portion, but the leaves are glossy spinach-green. What a plant to find growing in a hayfield! But eventually I hope to have it growing in a patch of rough grass in my garden, keeping company with various cranesbills,

keeping company with various cranesbills, red clover, marguerites, Hensol harebell Columbines, and other delights. It is just a matter of propagation and having enough young Eryngiums to be able to risk them in rough company. My plant set a nice harvest of seed, which must be sown immediately. It is a plant whose seed does not retain its vitality for long. If ever I return to the Dauphiné Alps it would be a pleasant thing to take half-a-dozen seedling Alpine Eryngiums with me, and plant them in their native meadow by way of repaying with interest my debt—that is, if theft constitutes a debt.



"I NEED NOT ATTEMPT TO GO INTO A DETAILED DESCRIPTION OF THE FLOWER-HEADS—THE TALL, CENTRAL CONE OF TINY, ACTUAL FLOWERS, SET IN A GREAT COLLAR, FOUR TO FIVE INCHES ACROSS, OF THE FINEST STEEL-BLUE FILIGREE LACEWORK. . . . WHAT A PLANT TO FIND GROWING IN A HAYFIELD!": A FINE SPECIMEN OF EXPRGIUM ALPINUM GROWN FROM A ROOT COLLECTED BY MR. ELLIOTT FOUR YEARS AGO IN THE DAUPHINÉ ALPS. [Photograph by J. R. Jameson.]

but four years ago I collected a root of Eryngium alpinum, which is outstandingly the most beautiful of them all. I found a small colony of it growing in high Alpine pasture in the Dauphiné Alps, where, in spite of its rather thistle-like general appearance, it looked

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A subscription to The Illustrated London News is the ideal gift to friends, for as the new copy arrives each week the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought of his or her friend, recalling a birthday or other anniversary. It also solves the problem of packing and other difficulties which arise when sending a gift to friends overseas. Orders for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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BUTTON-LIKE NODDING: ARTEMISIA NOR-VEGICA, OR NORWEGIAN WORMWOOD, UNKNOWN IN BRITAIN UNTIL LAST YEAR. (Life Size.)

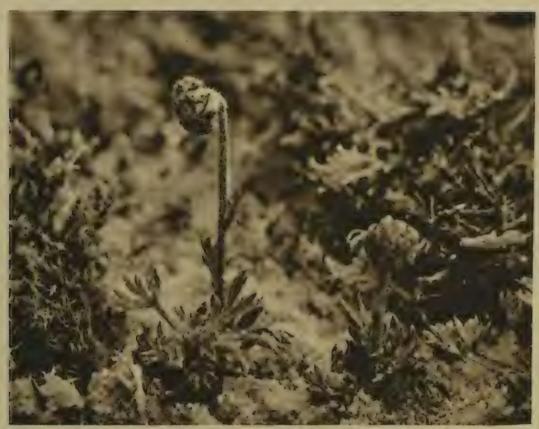
A BOTANICAL DISCOVERY: FIRST PICTURES OF BRITISH ARTEMISIA NORVEGICA.

ON this page we reproduce photographs of Artemisia Norvegica, or Norwegian Wormwood, taken in Scotland on a remote and barren mountain in Wester Ross, the first to be taken of this plant growing in the British Isles. It was unknown here until August 1952, when Sir Christopher Cox, K.C.M.G., sent specimens to the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, for identification, and it was recognised as Artemisia Norvegica, which until then had only been known in Norway in various places in the Dovrefjeld district; and in the Northern Ural Mountains at the sources of the Sygwa River, a tributary of the Soswa; Deneshkin, Mt. Konshakowskij, Toll-Poss and Ssabljo and Pai Jer. The plant is a Composite (daisy family), 2 to 3 ins. tall. The leaves are in rosettes, divided, and with white, silky hairs underneath. The flowers are in heads about half an inch across, "button-like," yellow and nodding; there is usually only one head at the end of the silky stem, which generally has two or three small leaves. There is no doubt that the plant is native to Scotland. It occurs in quantity over a limited area and may yet be found on other remote mountains which have not yet been examined by botanists. In 1952 there was a marked lack of flowering stems. This year it flowered freely. Artemisia Norvegica grows at about 2400 ft. altitude on a bleak, remote mountain in Wester Ross, north-west Scotland, in bare, stony ground so windswept that there is little other vegetation. Thyme, Sheep's Fescue,

Least Willow, Mountain Everlasting, and certain mosses and lichens are the most frequent other plants there. The rocks where it grows are of "felspathic grit from the Torridonian Sandstone formation." Mr. Lousley, [Continued below, left



FOUND BY SIR CHRISTOPHER COX AT AN ALTITUDE OF 2400 FT. ON A REMOTE MOUNTAIN IN WESTER ROSS, AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY MR. J. E. LOUSLEY: THE FIRST PICTURE OF A BRITISH ARTEMISIA NORVEGICA. (Life Size.)



SHOWING THE MOSSES IN WHICH THE BRITISH ARTEMISIA NORVEGICA GROWS ON A MOUNTAIN IN WESTER ROSS:

ONE OF THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS INTERESTING BOTANICAL DISCOVERY.



Continual.] Hon. General Secretary of the Botanical Society of Great Britain, who took the first photographs of the British Arte-misia Norvegica, states that they were obtained under very bad conditions.
"We were in wet cloud the whole time," he writes, "and it was so cold that I could only work my camera with great difficulty." This is the third important plant to be discovered in Scotland during the last few years which also [Continued opposite.

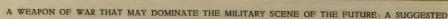
(RIGHT.) TAKEN AT 2400-FT. ALTITUDE IN CLOUD ON A MOUNTAIN IN WESTER ROSS THIS YEAR: THE ARTEMISIA NORVEGICA, WHICH UNTIL LAST YEAR WAS KNOWN ONLY IN NOR-WAY AND THE URAL MOUNTAINS.



(ABOVE.) PHOTOGRAPHED IN SITU IN WESTER ROSS: THE BRITISH ARTEMISIA NORVEGICA. THE PLANT IS A COMPOSITE (DAISY FAMILY), WITH LEAVES IN ROSETTES, DIVIDED, WITH WHITE SILKY HAIRS BELOW.

Continued.]
occurs in Scandinavia. The other two, Diapensia lapponica and Koenigia islandica, were found in West Inverness-shire and Skye respectively, and were both on mountains which, like that in Wester Ross, may not have been previously visited by botanists. An account of this important addition to the British Flora by Mr. R. A. Blakelock appeared in "Kew Bulletin" No. 1, 1953, pp. 173-184, which is obtainable from H.M. Stationery Office.





In our issue of August 29 we reproduced photographs of Britain's new 2000.m.p.h. guided missile which can "home" on its target. In his statement, issued on August 22, Mr. Duncan Sandya, Minister of Supply, said: "Initially our efforts and the statement of the s

through space to its target. The missile is fitted with an expendable type of turbo-jet motor which gives it long range. These expendable motors already exist and are simpler forms of the larget types used in fighters, bombers and cattle and the state of the state

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



on the long-range guided missile, for not only must they devise methods of guiding and controlling the missile on long-distance missions, but it must also be able to 'hionen' on comparatively small targets, avoid attacking 'friendly' it is by any chance miss its target when in flight over territory temporarily in the occupation of the enemy. A foretaste of what may be accomplished with such weapons was given in Korea in August 1952 when the U.S. Navy employed an obsolete piston-engined aircraft, fitted with a television camera in its nose, as a guided missile. This aircraft was guided on to its target by a "mother" aircraft, which was able to keep clear of the defenders' anti-aircraft fire. Mr. Sandys

pointed out that the development of these weapons is carried out initially in Britain, but after a missile has undergone preliminary fring tests here it is sent to Australia, where foll-scale trials with explactive war-heads can be carried out to Australia, where foll-scale trials with explactive variences can be carried out modifications that are needed are carried out in the extensive engineering and needtonic workshops set up in the vicinity of the range by the Australian Government. Some of the new anti-aircraft missiles fly up a radar beam which follows the target automatically and is operated from the ground; while others take over control completely once they are launched and 'home' on the target. It is not cappeted that long-range missiles would travel at 2000 m.p.h.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

A GREAT INFLUENCE ON THE BRITISH SCHOOL: CANALETTO DRAWINGS.



"OLD LONDON BRIDGE"; BY ANTONIO CANALE, CALLED CANALETTO (1697-1768): ONE OF THE DRAWINGS BY THIS ARTIST, MADE DURING ONE OF HIS THREE VISITS TO ENGLAND, INCLUDED IN AN EXHIBITION ILLUSTRATING HIS INFLUENCE ON BRITISH WATER-COLOURISTS, IN THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.



"HAMPTON COURT BRIDGE, 1754"; BY ANTONIO CANALE (1697-1768): A DRAWING MADE DURING HIS THIRD VISIT TO ENGLAND, 1753-54. HIS WORK HAD A GREAT SUCCESS WITH ENGLISH COLLECTORS, AND HE INFLUENCED THE DEVELOPMENT OF TOPOGRAPHIC ART IN THIS COUNTRY.

"Canaletto and English Draughtsmen" is the title of a well-chosen and interesting exhibition in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum, now in progress. The drawings on view have been selected with a view of illustrating his profound influence on the development of topographical art as practised by his contemporaries and their followers in England down to the early nineteenth century. On this page we reproduce two outstandingly fine drawings by Canaletto made during his visits to England, which took place in 1746-50, 1751-53.

and 1753-54. Samuel Scott and his contemporaries reflect in their water-colour tinted drawings the atmosphere and breadth of vision which Canaletto brought to the London scene in his oil paintings, but avoid the extreme decorative and calligraphic mannerisms used by the Venetian. Farington (1747-1821) was one of the first, if not the first, English topographical draughtsman to base his technique deliberately on that of Canaletto's drawing and to make use of his broken and dotted line in brown ink to represent antique and crumbling stonework.

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

ENGLISH FOLLOWERS OF CANALETTO: DRAWINGS WITH VENETIAN MANNERISMS.



"A VIEW IN VENICE"; BY THOMAS SANDBY (1721-1798), AFTER A LOST CANALETTO ORIGINAL, IN WHICH SANDBY HAS IMITATED HIS STYLE IN PEN AND WASH.



"THE MANSION HOUSE, WITH THE LORD MAYOR'S COACH"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). THE CURLINESS OF THE COACH IS IN TRUE CANALETTO STYLE.

On our facing page we reproduce two drawings by Canaletto, made during his visits to London, and now on view in the exhibition "Canaletto and English Draughtsmen," in the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum. On this page we give four drawings by British water-colour artists which illustrate how strong was the Venetian's influence on British topographical artists. His mannerism of the broken line was followed by Girtin, but in his hands it is no longer an imitation but a very characteristic and personal means of expression. Other



"PARIS; THE INSTITUTE SEEN FROM THE QUAIS"; BY RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON (1802-1828), WHO WAS INFLUENCED BY CANALETTO'S OIL PAINTINGS, NOT HIS DRAWINGS.



"JEDBURGH ABBEY"; BY THOMAS GIRTIN (1775-1802). GIRTIN ADOPTED CANALETTO'S BROKEN AND DOTTED LINE, BUT IN HIS HAND IT CEASES TO BE AN IMITATION.

examples of Canaletto's influence on Girtin are also shown in his water-colour views of the Grand Canal from Antonio Visentini's engravings after Canaletto; and in his adaptations of Thomas Malton's London scenes, where he has replaced with generous contours the precise outlines of the originals, even enhancing with true Canaletto exuberance the rococo curliness of the Lord Mayor's coach. Bonington's grouping, contrasts of light and shade and incisive brush-strokes defining his architecture derive from Canaletto's oil paintings, not his drawings.

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RETURNING from Scotland in the middle of June, I made a slight detour in fulfilment of a vov not, I must admit, a vow undertaken in a sudden access of piety, but because I was curious about an institution of which I had heard a good deal and which I knew was a very extraordinary phenomenon The place was the Bowes Museum in this country. at Barnard Castle, County Durham, where, in an imitation of a French Renaissance château, is housed an enormous accumulation of works of art, some very good, the fruit of many years' devotion by two remarkable people, John Bowes (1811-1885), and his wife. John Bowes began to collect paintings while still a young man. He had ample means, was M.P. for South Durham, won the Derby on four occasions, had a house in Paris, and in 1854 married Joséphine Benoite, better known under her stage name of Mlle. Delorme. They immediately began to collect furniture, porcelain, carvings of all kinds, earthenware, textiles and pictures, among the latter Dutch and Italian primitives, which were, at that time, hopelessly out of fashion and admired only by a few enlightened individuals of the calibre of the Prince Consort. Their original intention was to build the museum near Calais, but the situation in France during the 'sixties seemed to them precarious, and so the foundationstone was laid at Barnard Castle by Mrs. Bowes in 1869. Neither of them lived to see the place opened to the public in 1892. Mrs. Bowes died in 1874 at the age of forty-four, and John Bowes followed her

in 1885; the former left all her personal property to the Museum, and the latter bequeathed an endowment of £125,000 vested in the Charity Commissionersan ample sum at the time, but today insufficient for normal running expenses.

It would be easy to make fun of so grandilo-quent a gesture quent a gesture as the building of this monumental palace in the midstof Durham's hills and valleys. but other rich

men have devoted their fortunes to far more reprehensible follies; this was a gesture which was both princely and public-spirited. Why should all the fine things go to London? Let the North have its share! Moreover, this is a very personal collection and it is impossible to walk through the building without sensing something of the excitement which these two obviously experienced in the pursuit of their dreams. But though much of its vast array is of little consequence, there are some which are of very great interest indeed. I doubt, for example, whether you can find a better collection of Continental porcelain north of the Thames Valley; nor am I aware of any place other than the Victoria and Albert Museum, where you can enjoy a finer cories. Museum where you can enjoy a finer series of French faience, and as this distinctive and extraordinarily attractive tin-enamelled ware is not often seen in this country and, when it is, not always recognised, I propose to illustrate a few pieces. The word "faience," the normal word for this ware in France, is derived from Faenza, in Italy, where, towards the end of the

fig. 2. A nevers faience plate, mid-eighteenth century; bearing the design of a ship and a dolphin. (Diameter 9 ins.)

It has been suggested that there is a political signifi-cance in this piece and that of the Girl on the Dolphin, and that they respectively represent the Dauphin supporting France against Court extravagance, and the Ship of State being saved by the Dauphin.

Faenza, in Italy, where, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the local potters gave up the Thi highly-elaborate style of painting which we associate with Italian maiolica and produced a white (or rather, whitish) ware with simple designs in blue, yellow and orange which was cheap and soon came into favour. It could not, of course, stand up to hard usage very well, nor to very hot water, but it was practical enough for ordinary purposes, and as early as 1581, Montaigne in his travel diary, remarks upon its cleanliness as

PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

FRENCH POTTERY IN COUNTY DURHAM.

By FRANK DAVIS.

compared with the dirty pewter plates and dishes found in French inns. This type of ware (Faience, Maiolica, Dutch Delft, all tin-enamelled) naturally ousted wooden and pewter platters from the ordinary household, while the nobility in France ordered it for their kitchens as long as they dined upon gold and silver plate themselves. But the chronic monetary



FIG. 1. A CHARMING EXAMPLE OF MID-EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY NEVERS FAIENCE: A GIRL SEATED ON A DOLPHIN. (Height 7 ins.) "I suppose the girl riding on the dolphin can be described as an uncommonly naïve piece of potting," writes Frank Davis, but goes



FIG. 3. DECORATED WITH FIGURES PLAYING REAL (OR ROYAL) TENNIS: A NEVERS FAIENCE FLATE, 1757.

(Diameter 9½ ins.)

"The scene" depicted on this plate "is, of course, real tennis, and though the painter has been compelled to bring the two players very close to the net because of the cramped space at his disposal, he has made a very lively little picture."

own for about fifty years until it was gradually supplanted first, in the case of the rich, by porcelain, then, for rich and poor alike, by the fine white pottery from England, and finally, by the similar pottery made in France itself. The oddest use to which the French ware was put in the seventeenth century was when Louis XIV. took it into his head to build the Trianon de Porcelaine at Versailles for his mistress, Pagoda at Nanking. This was in the winter of 1670-71. Like the Chinese original, this tower was not of porcelain, but of earthenware, but whereas the Chinese had produced a hard, weather-resisting tile, Europe was far behind—and by 1687 the building was a ruin. The material could not stand up to frost stand up to frost.

As in all potteries in all countries, the capabilities of the painters vary enormously, and it is by no means always those who can draw or model to standards of academic perfection whom we admire most. I suppose the girl riding on the dolphin (Fig. 1) can be described as an uncommonly naïve piece of potting, and there is no special virtue beyond gusto in the drawing of the ship and the dolphin (Fig. 2), but there's an uncommon charm about them, in the former case, I think, because the poor girl is obviously finding her perch rather precarious, as any girl would agree who has ever ridden a dolphin, but I rather think this very happy effect was produced more by luck than judgment on the part of the potter. Some people, I am told, see in these two pieces a political allegory; in the one case the Dauphin supporting France against the extravagances of the Court, in the other the ship of State being saved from peril by the Dauphin. This seems to me very far-fetched as far-fetched as some of the attempts we have made in England to see Stuart propaganda in innocent

engravings on wine-glasses-but, of course, it may be justified.

Fig. 3, technically, is a more accomplished affair altogether, with the circle formed by the bowl of this dish accentuating the movement — you will note that it follows exactly the curve of the body of the player on the right who is about to deliver a neat back-hand stroke. The scene is, of course, real tennis, and though the painter has been compelled to



FIG. 4. DECORATED IN POLYCHROME WITH CORNUCOPIA, FLOWERS AND INSECTS: A ROUEN FAIENCE DISH, MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (Diameter 10 ins.) The design on this plate is pleasantly naturalistic in its details of flowers and insects. Colours must be left to the imagination, as also the soft, luminous surface of tin-glaze as compared with the brilliant white of 18th-century German hard porcelain.

bring the two players very close to the net because of the cramped space at his disposal, he has made a very lively little picture. Note the onlookers behind the barrier which runs down the side of the court.

The remaining two illustrations show two contrasting styles of decoration, the one (Fig. 5) the classical formal style, which lasted well into the eighteenth century and is no doubt familiar to the majority of people from the numerous tapestries which are by no means uncommon in this country; the other (Fig. 4), while still a trifle formal—pleasantly naturalistic in its details of flowers and insects. Colours must be left to your imagination, as also the soft, luminous your imagination, as also the soft, luminous surface of tin-glaze as compared with the brilliant white of eighteenth-century German hard porcelain and the somewhat glassy texture of French hard paste. In the earlier decades the colours were painted on the raw glaze before firing, but only a limited range was possible—green, blue, purple, yellow and orange. Later—by about 1750—the vessel was glazed and fired at high temperature. Then glazed and fired at high temperature. Then the paint was applied and the piece was fired, again at low temperature. By this means a wider range of colours was achieved, including

red, crimson and pink. The finest seventeenth-century work produced was at Nevers, then, early in the eighteenth century, at Rouen and Moustiers. Strasbourg was the place where the overglaze technique mentioned above was first introduced, while Sceaux, near Paris, and Marseilles were each distinguished by highly original styles.



FIG. 5. MADE BY CLERISSY: A MOUSTIERS PAIENCE MARLY EIGHTEMNTH-CENTURY OBLONG DISH, LENGTH 14 INS.

This oblong dish is decorated in blue with terminal figures and busts, animals and birds in the classical formal style which lasted well into the eighteenth century. Illustrations by courtesy of the Bowes Museum.

troubles of Louis XIV. towards the latter part of his reign caused both King and courtiers to melt down their plate, which is one reason why there is so little pre-eighteenth-century silver left in France.

Within a week of the drastic sumptuary law of 1709, says St. Simon, everyone who was anyone had replaced his silver by earthenware, which held its



THE RUSSIAN - BORN FREE: AT LAST FREE: THE RUSSIAN - BORN WIFE OF MR. A. HALL, AND THEIR SON. Mrs. Hall, who married her husband in Moscow seven years ago, was refused permission to leave Russia when Mr. Hall was transferred six years ago. Permission was recently granted, and Mrs. Hall and their son flew to London on August 30 en route to rejoin Mr. Hall in Ottawa.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



VICE - ADMIRAL SIR W. VICE - ADMIRAL SIR W. ANDREWES, K.B.E., D.S.O. Appointed as President, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in succession to Vice-Admiral Sir Aubrey Mansergh, from March 1954. Born in 1899, Vice-Admiral Sir William Andrewes was educated at Osborne and Dartmouth. In 1950-51 he held naval commands in the Korean War.



JONES, M.C. MAJOR-GENERAL JONES, M.C.
Appointed Commandant Staff
College, Camberley, from
January 1954. Previously
G.O.C. 7th Armoured Division, Major-General Jones
was born in 1906 and educated at Portora Royal School,
Enniskillen, the R.M.A.,
Woolwich, and Pembroke
College, Cambridge.



MAJOR-GENERAL MAJOR-GENERAL A. D. CAMPBELL, D.S.O., M.C. Appointed General Officer Commanding, Aldershot District, from February 1954. Previously Vice-Adjutant-General, War Office, Major-General Campbell was born in 1899 and educated at Cheltenham, the R.M.A., Woolwich, and Queens' College, Cambridge.



MR. DARRELL FANCOURT AS "THE MIKADO MR. DARRELL FANCOURT AS "THE MIKADO"—
A RÔLE HE PLAYED MORE THAN 3000 TIMES.
Mr. Darrell Fancourt, who was shortly due to
retire from the D'Oyly Carte Company, died on
August 29 at the age of 65. He had joined the company in 1920 and was probably the most famous
Savoyard of his day. His own favourite rôles were
"Dick Deadeye" and "Sir Roderic Murgatroyd."



THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP

THE WINNER OF THE BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP:

A. E. SHEPPERSON, OF QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL,
NOTTINGHAM.

A. E. Shepperson, the runner-up last year, won this year's Boys'
Golf Championship on August 29 at Dunbar, beating A. T. Booth,
of St. Peter's School, York, by 6 and 4. Booth lost the first
four holes and was never able to recover this handicap.



THE NEW GOVERNOR AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE

BAHAMAS: LORD RANFURLY.
On August 31 it was announced that the Queen had approved the appointment of Lord Ranfurly as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Bahamas in succession to Major-General Sir Robert Neville, whose term of office expires in December.



MR. T. S. ELIOT, THE POET AND AUTHOR OF CONFIDENTIAL CLERK," AT EDINBURGH; WITH MR. T. S. ELIOT, THE POET AND AUTHOR OF THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK," AT EDINBURGH; WITH MISS MARGARET LEIGHTON, WHO PLAYS "LUCASTA."

Before the first performance of his new play, "The Confidential Clerk," at the ¡Edinburgh Festival, Mr. Eliot gave a Press conference and talked about the play.



THE NEW AMBASSADOR TO BURMA: MR. P. II.
GORD-HOOTH, WITH HIS WIFE AND DATCHTER.
On August 4 the Queen's approval was announced to the appointment of Mr. P. H. Gore-Booth as Ambassador in Rangoon in succession to Mr. R. L. Speaight. Mr. Gore-Booth had previously been head of the British Information Services in the U.S.A.



THE EMPEROR BAO DAI OF VIET NAM (LEFT) WITH

PRESIDENT AURIOL, AT RAMBOUILLET.
On August 27 the Emperor Bao Dai, who had been staying at Cannes, flew to Paris, where he was greeted by M. Jacquet and Prince Buu Loc, the Viet Nam High Commissioner. He was later the guest of President Auriol at his summer residence at Rambouillet and was expected to discuss the new treaty.



A. G. PIRIE BEATING ZATOPEK'S OLYMPIC RECORD AND winning the 5000 Metres for Great Britain at Berlin. On August 29, during a two-day match between Great Britain and Germany at Berlin, which was won by Germany by 112 points to 94, the outstanding achievement was in the 5000 metres, which D. A. G. Pirie won in 14 mins. 2'6 secs., beating Zatopek's record by 4 sees.



SUCCESSFULLY FORDING THE HUMBER AT LOW TIDE ON TOOT: LORD NORL-BUNTON, WHO IS 6 FT. 3 INS. TALL. By way of establishing the line of the ancient Roman ford, Lord Noel Buxton on August 27 waded across the Humber from Brough Haven to Whitton Ness Beacon, having crossed the narrow shapping channel in a boat to Middle Whitton lightship.



WORLD OF THE CINEMA. THE

AU REVOIR, EUROPE.

By ALAN DENT.

FAR more by chance than by any contrivance of mine, the two films I comment upon this week both happen to be international in their casting and

had specialised in Beethoven or Brahms-say, Schnabel or a Lamond—should have suddenly taken it into his head to play a Debussy arabesque.

But one has known exactly

such a thing happening in the world of music-making without anything remotely approaching a fiasco. Superbity will out, however uncongenial the matter which the superb one tackles, and Mr. Wyler achieves some flashing effects quite out of his usual line. In the course of the day's adventure, for example, the errant Princess getsa ducking in the Roman river, and it was witty of Mr. Wyler to give us a

and an unusual quality of wit which is far more that of action than of words. This jaunt is, in short, recommended.

The jaunt in "Little Boy Lost" is taken by Bing Crosby as an American broadcaster who returns to Paris after the war in a sentimental and rather offhand search for his lost infant. His French wife—he had found out for a fact—had been killed by the Gestapo when discovered sending secret messages to Resistance workers through the medium of the café Resistance workers through the medium of the cafe songs it was her profession to sing. Those who have read Marghanita Laski's novel, on which this film has founded—almost I wrote foundered—itself, assure me that it is a deeply moving and well-wrought and well-written piece of work. The film moved me hardly at all. Rather, I should say that it over and over again seemed on the verge of becoming emotional in a genuine way when, quite suddenly, Mr. Crosby's eyebrows would soar up in that characteristic way they



" A FILM SMALL IN SCOPE BUT ENCHANTING IN EFFECT": "ROMAN HOLIDAY" (PARA-MOUNT), WHICH OPENED AT THE CARLTON THEATRE ON AUGUST 21 AND IS TO BE GENERALLY RELEASED ON OCTOBER J; SHOWING PRINCESS ANN (AUDREY HEPBURN) AND JOE BRADLEY (GREGORY PECK) BEING INTERVIEWED IN THE POLICE STATION AFTER A MISADVENTURE WITH A RUNAWAY SCOOTER.

mid-European in their setting. Since I should be in mid-Atlantic around the time this page meets the reader's eye, there is—if only for me alone!—a certain happiness in this confluence of circumstances.

Crossing Waterloo Bridge in a bus the other day in the company of a young American dramatic critic on his first visit to London, I was taken aback when he pointed to Sir Christopher Wren's matchless dome on our left and said: "St. Peter's, isn't it?" Loud and clear—so much so that some people around us smiled with Cockney approbation—I retorted: "No, it is not. Since you are in London, you had better do as the Londoners do, and call it St. The point of this utterly true little anecdote is that it is a clear indication of the fact that Rome to-day has become very nearly as Americanised as Paris itself.

A new film called "Roman Holiday"—a film small in scope but enchanting in effect—is of American provenance and has been made almost entirely in Rome itself. It is an inconsequent little fairy-tale of a Ruritanian Princess who rebels all of a sudden at Court etiquette and formalities, is given a strong injection by the Royal physician, wakes up from this and runs away, and spends twenty-four hours of innocent bliss and relaxed sight-seeing in the company of an American journalist who recognises her and pretends he doesn't.

There is something extraordinarily refreshing in the unconventional way in which the episode is worked out to that conventional ending which it cannot, with any fidelity to things as they are, escape. Journalistic Joe, for example, makes it as clear as actor Gregory Peck knows how to make it that he has fallen in love with the flyaway Princess. But there is no question of his declaring his admiration, any more than there is any question of him really writing a "story" about the escapade to appease an angry editor.

Similarly a new little actress of captivating poise and charm, Audrey Hepburn, makes it perfectly clear from the outset that her unregal skylark cannot possibly degenerate into anything so vulgar as an "affair." At the end of her day with the brash cavalier, she is the conscientious Princess again, and she leaves him with no more than the ghost of a sigh or the trace of a smile. In her background are both Harcourt Williams and Margaret Rawlings as formidable sticklers for the proprieties, just as there is in the journalist's background a delicious archbungler and super-ass of that sort which Eddie Albert plays so incomparably well.

William Wyler is this film's brilliant director.

It is not, strictly speaking, his kind of story. It is all a matter for a Capra or a Lubitsch, and the effect is rather as though a great pianist who

close-up of a drop of indisputable Tiber-water on the end of Miss Hepburn's insouciant little nose.

Perhaps I have now said enough about "Roman Holiday" to intimate that it will probably madden the masses with its lack of indelicacy, and no less certainly enchant people like us with its delicacy, its tact,



"ROMAN HOLIDAY": JOE BRADLEY (GREGORY PECK), AMERICAN CORRESPONDENT FOR THE AMERICAN NEWS SERVICE IN ROME, TAKES THE RUNAWAY PRINCESS ANN (AUDRFY HEPBURN) TO A LIVELY DANCE HELD ON A TIBER BARGE.



"THAT WE GENUINELY ARE IN PARIS IS IMPLIED ONLY IN THE MASTERLY PERFORMANCE OF GABRIELLE DORZIAT AS A MOTHER SUPERIOR, AND IN THE TRULY TOUCHING ONE OF CHRISTIAN FOURCADE AS THE LITTLE, SLOE-EYED BOY": BILL WAINWRIGHT (BING CROSBY) MEETS THE SMALL, PATHETIC BOY, WHO MAY OR MAY NOT BE HIS SON, AT AN ORPHANAGE IN A LITTLE TOWN JUST OUTSIDE PARIS; A SCENE IN "LITTLE BOY LOST" (PARAMOUNT).

have and simultaneously his voice would soar

up into song.

Hardly less distracting was this film's continual habit of suddenly breaking off from the oratio recta into the oratio obliqua method—its conversations being repeatedly and disconcertingly cut short to give Mr. Crosby himself the opportunity of supplying the gist of all the opportunity of supplying the gist of all that was said and done on each particular occasion. In this and some other ways George Seaton's direction of this promising story cannot be said to do other than creak. One of the other ways, for example, is his inability to create the atmosphere of the setting which, in this case, is Paris throughout. Whereas Mr. Wyler obviously revelled in splashing his film with genuine Roman fountains and adorning it with the friezes of Bernini, Mr. Seaton can give us no more than unimaginative and, as it were, picture-postcard glimpses of the Opera House and the boulevards by way of background. That we genuinely are in Paris is implied only in the masterly performance of Gabrielle Dorziat as a Mother Superior, and in the truly touching one of Christian Fourcade as the little, sloe-eyed boy whom Mr. Crosby suspects and finally proves to be his son. Let me not be understood as saying that Miss Laski's novel has been turned into what we nowadays call a musical. The film is, rather, a serious essay which keeps on being turned into a merely sentimental one through being interrupted by not very witty and not very tuneful little songs. But I am cynical enough to harbour the conviction that it is because of these songs and their singer—that the film will be immensely to the popular taste.

And so now, having looked into the nature of that Roman Holiday and this Parisian Quest, let me depart upon my own New World Adventure, saying to my good, patient readers, Au Revoir and A Rivederci.

A NEW TANK, GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS, ALAMEIN'S TANK-STREWN SANDS.



THE BRITISH ARMY'S NEW TANK, HERE MOUNTING A GUN TURRET FOR TRIAL PURPOSES, SEEN IN THREE-QUARTER PROFILE. IT IS CALLED THE GAERNARVON.



THE CARRNARYON FROM THE FRONT—ONE OF THE FORMS USED FOR TESTING. IT IS STATED TO BE AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE CENTURION AND MORE POWERFULLY ENGINED. On August 29 the War Office announced that a new experimental type of tank is to carry out trials at home and overseas. It is called the Caernaryon and is described as an improvement on the 49-ton Centurion, with better armour and a more powerful engine. A new design in suspension and wider tracks give a lower ground-pressure. During trials, two forms will be tested, one with a turret as shown, the other turretless, but loaded with ballast weights.



TO WHICH SUNDERLAND AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. LIFTED 65 TONS OF STORES IN FOUR DAYS: THE BRITANNIA LAKE DEPÔT OF THE BRITISH NORTH GREENLAND EXPEDITION.



THE BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH, DR. FLEMING (SMOKING PIPE), LENDING A HAND IN SALVAGE OPERATIONS. IN THE BACKGROUND THE DAMAGED SUNDERLAND. After stores for the British North Greenland Expedition had been transported by ship to Young Sound, they were lifted to Britannia Lake by five Sunderland flying-boats of Coastal Command in the course of four days, other stores being taken and dropped at "Northice" by two Hastings of Transport Command from the U.S.A.F. base at Thule. One Sunderland ran aground at Britannia Lake, but was patched up and returned to base successfully.



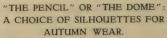
A RICH HARVEST FOR AN ARCHÆOLOGIST OF THE FUTURE: (ABOVE) A GREAT CEMETERY OF BURNT-OUT TANKS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR EL ALAMEIN, SINKING INTO THE SANDS OF THE DESERT, WHILE (RIGHT) A BEDOUIN FONDERS THE POSSIBILITIES, COMMERCIAL OR DOMESTIC, OF SUCH A GIGANTIC HEAP OF SCRAP-IRON.





CUT TO NIP THE KNEES TIGHTLY: A BLACK WOOL ZEBRA-PATTERNED EVENING DRESS, WITH A DRAPED BODICE OF RED MUSLIN, BY BALMAIN

THE NARROW SKIRT AND THE WIDE COAT: THE HIGHLY UNUSUAL COMBINATION WHICH DIOR HAS USED IN A MODEL HE CALLS "BELOTTE," CARRIED OUT IN GREY TWEED,







"COULD I wear that?" is the natural feminine reaction to new fashions launched by famous houses, and those who wish to be in the vanguard this winter will, it is said, have to choose between the "dome" and the "pencil" silinoutes. There was a storm of discussion when the Paris collections were shown a few weeks ago, and it was seen that Dior had



FURRY SLACKS IN A "JUNGLE" DESIGN: THE MATERIAL IS BY BUCOL, AND THE MODEL BY LANVIN-CASTILLO, WHO SHOWS THE SLACKS WITH A PURPLE WOOLLEN SWEATER



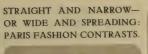
NEAT—BUT SO NARROW THAT THE WEARER MUST BE PRACTICALLY HOBBLED: A TWO-PIECE IN WALNUT-COLOURED WOOL TRIMMED WITH BEAVER, BY JACQUES FATH.

Continued.]

shortened his skirts to 16 ins. from the ground, and made them either spreading from the hips in the "dome" line, or narrow, all mad scanty. Last week, when the photographs of these models were released for general succession of BLUE AND A JUMPER OF IRON GREY.

OF BLUE AND A JUMPER OF IRON GREY.

—as a kind of proof spirit not meant for everyday





SHORT, AMPLE AND DISTINCTLY BROAD: A SLATE-GREY FAILLE COAT KNOWN AS "MIDNIGHT," BY CHRISTIAN DIOR. IT IS WORN OVER A SHEATH OF EMBROIDERED BLACK SILK.



SHOWING THE LOOSE SQUARE CHINESE EFFECT: A BEIGE COAT IN WOOL OTTOMAN BY GIVENCHY; THE SLOPING SHOULDERS AND VERTICAL FOCKETS SHOULD BE NOTED.

consumption, or even within the grasp of the majority
—and, indeed, well-dressed women, though following the
general trend, usually avoid extreme styles. The most
advanced models appear on the stage and the stage and the eye gradually become and the eye gradually become are probably decide
and by that time the fashion among probably decide
to diminis it. On three pages we reproduce some of the
to diminis it. On three pages we reproduce some of the



DIOR. THE TREMENDOUS FULLNESS IS GATHERED AT THE SHOULDERS.

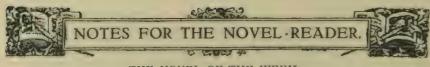




SHOWING THE NEW LENGTH OF HEM-LINE: A CHRISTIAN DIOR COAT, WITH GREAT FULLNESS UNCONFINED BY A BELT, BUT WITH A CONTRASTING STRIPE AT THE WAIST-LINE.

WITH THE AMPLE POLDS CATHERED INTO A HALF-BELT AT THEE
BACK: A BLUE BRUSHED-WOOL COAT BY CHRISTIAN DIOR.
THE AMPLE POLDS IN THE FRONT FALL LOSSE.

THE AMPLE POLDS IN THE FRONT FALL LOSSE.



THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

It seems a long time now since "The West Pier," in which that nastiest of neophytes, Ernest Ralph Gorse, made his unsavoury début. Then we were promised his full story, to the horrid end. And here, accordingly, is the next chapter: "Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse," by Patrick Hamilton (Constable; 12s. 6d.). The year is 1928, and the young criminal, whom we last saw in 1921, has reached the age of twenty-five. Those who attended his first steps—and others, too, since Mr. Hamilton provides a summary—will be surprised how slowly he gets on. Indeed, iniquitously speaking, he is slipping back. Not that he shows a "better self," but in the early Gorse—the boy who tied a small girl to a cricket roller, even the youth who plundered Esther Downes—there was a sly and motiveless malignity, a whiff of hell, which we don't get in his new phase. Here he is operating as a vulgar crook. And the new victim asks for it; she is not pitiful like Esther, but a mature and snobbish widow, who extorts no tears. Meanwhile, since 1921 he has gone straight. Rather a paltry record for a fiend; and I must add that Gorse, though nasty as they come, is rather limited in interest. We are assured that he was bad all through, for no reason whatever. This makes a lively change from the new cliché of "compassion," whose subjects are much drearier and just as horrid. But it leaves little to explore; one book, on Mr. Gorse's person, would be quite enough.

But then we come to the real point—which is the landscape, the topography of his career. Really the whole work is a travel-sequence, with Mr. Gorse, on his

and scape, the topography of his career. Really the whole work is a travel-sequence, with Mr. Gorse, on his protracted journey to the gallows, as a tourist's guide. Not all the aborigines and customs have an equal charm protracted journey to the gallows, as a tourist's guide. Not all the aborigines and customs have an equal charm and there is nothing here to match the prep. school in the earlier book, or Esther's innocent young swain. This time grotesquerie is all in all. Gorse has been lent a house in Reading by a drunken chum; and at The Friar, a ye-olded "hostelry" of the baronial stamp, he falls in with "our Lady Joan." This is the Colonel's widow as aforesaid. Her name is Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce; she has some lusciousness, ineffable pretensions, idiotic airs and a small court of business men, to whom she is "Our Reading Lady." Chief among these is Mr. Stimpson, the estate agent. He, being a widower, plies her with honourable love—at least, he generally does; whereas his rival, Major Parry, has the worst designs, and will refer to her in the worst taste. The Major, though a good deal of an ass and somewhat lewdly given, is yet the nicest of the coterie. How Gorse butts in, and how "our Lady Joan" rolls in the dust, I won't try to describe. The most hilarious scenes—like that of Mr. Stimpson in his cups, or arguing with Major Parry on the cause of things—are, anyhow, quite off the track. And the true, squirming horror is the idiom. Though Mrs. Plumleigh-Bruce is, on the whole, inferior to the two men, she almost recoups in her diary. inferior to the two men, she almost recoups in her diary. All through, the detail has an anthropologist's precision, and the attack a howling glee.

OTHER FICTION.

"Calypso," by Humphrey Slater (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), has great distinction and intelligence, two really admirable plots, each with a dash of crime, and no sumtotal of effect. At least, it left me in the void. At twenty-one, Calypso is a shining, innocent young beauty on the eve of marriage. She is in love with Richard; she is being fitted for her wedding dress. Then she encounters Alan Black, handsome, but fortyish and yellow-toothed, who drinks too much and has the look of a stage villain. Calypso sets him down as a bad lot; yet, before Richard has received her wedding present, which is to go by hand, with an inscription "To my infinitely dear . . .", Alan and she have left for France. There was no dark design; she went through all the phases of transition, but with lightning speed. Alan is violently in love, and, it turns out, not sinister at all, but rich, reliable and parsimonious. Then he gets mixed up with a jewel robber; and after a brief stay in gaol, finds her domesticated with a new young man. It was pure chance at first, but in another day she would have stuck to him.

Thirty years later she is the lovely widowed Mrs. Black, with an unsullied name and an exclusive tasts.

stuck to him.

Thirty years later she is the lovely widowed Mrs. Black, with an unsullied name and an exclusive taste for the right people. In Florence her chosen friend is the young Countess della Rovere. It is again pure chance that they pick up the hiker on the road. But from that moment she is doomed; this is her second Alan Black, but with the age difference reversed and the suspicion absent.

It is all wonderfully good in bits; only it won't combine, and leaves one curiously uninvolved. Its drift appears to be, either that character is destiny, that destiny is a toss-up—or perhaps both, and, anyhow, that all is vain.

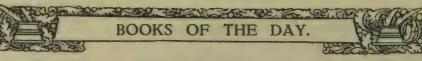
"Thelma," by Vera Caspary (W. H. Allen; 12s. 6d.), raises no intellectual doubts; it is plain story-telling with a "lesson." Thelma, because her mother was a "Polack" and a chambermaid, has been despised in youth. And she has grown up in the Cinderella-dream: one day the virtuous and slighted girl captures a prince of men,

virtuous and slighted girl captures a prince of men, and is endowed with everything as a reward. Thelma falls short of everything; her husband is well-born, agreeable and talented, but there are no mink coats. Therefore, her daughter must be Cinderella. . . And n

Therefore, her daughter must be Cinderella. . . . And now the dream comes true; but Connie walks out on her millionaire, and Thelma's frantic shifts to reunite them bring down catastrophe on her own head. Thelma is rather touching as a girl, and might, one feels, have turned out happily enough but for the message. Under its influence she is a puppet, though in skilful hands.

"Mouse In Eternity," by Nedra Tyre (Macdonald; 9s. 6d.), is a first book, with as its heroine a social worker in Atlanta, Georgia. There is a group of nice girls in the office, whom she likes or loves, under a demon supervisor, Mrs. Patch. And one night, after hours, Jane finds the evil, hated Mrs. Patch knocked on the head. Now, her especial friend is an old, crippled gentleman who shares her rapt cult of detective fiction. So Mr. Lawrence, of course, wants to hear all about the murder; while Jane—because it must have been a girl she likes—would rather learn no more. The answer ties up with her office work, and the detection alternates with district visits, talks with or monologues by clients, letters of appeal, etc. Indeed, this homely and intrusive element is the real charm.

K. John.



THE OVERLOADED ARK.

THERE are two kinds of men who hunt and capture animals, the earnest and

THE OVERLOADED ARK.

The carnest pursue their vocation with the utmost scientific detachment, and add, no doubt, several paragraphs to the somewhat shakey corpus of our bestiary lore. The ironic enjoy, and impart, much more fun. They regard their captures as personal acquaintances—I will not call them friends, because in so many cases they are pointedly intimical—and introduce them to the reader, in the books which they write, as so many guests at a Mad Hatter's cocktail-party. It is this delightful quality which lends charm to Mr. Gerald M. Durrell's "The Overloaded Ark" (Faber; 15s.). It is many months, if my memory serves me, since I had the pleasure of praising an apposite title to a work, but "The Overloaded Ark" seems to me to be perfect in its kind. It conveys, with precision and grace, the whole spirit of this engaging book. The dust-jacket, too, is perfectly in key. Mr. Durrell gives an account of animal-collecting through the British Cameroons—no one's favourite territory, I should say—and the result, in my view, is second only to Dr. Lorenz's classic "King Solomon's Ring." I am sure that Mr. Burrell will not take it amiss if I say that at many of the same than the same produced:

"To strike the meanest and the least Of creatures is a sin; How much more bad to strike a beast With prickles in its kin!" The giant water-shrew behaved in almost as intractable a manner, and there were anti-social interludes with such creatures as the Gaboon Viper. One of the most alluring chapters (and illustrations) deals with the Angwantibo—pray inspect the animal for yourselves—and the whole episode is entitled "Artocebus Ahoy!" At the end of his book, with superb litotes, Mr. Durrell's ability with his happy ease in narration and his humanity, the atom bomb would be a subject of careless jesting. From the Tropics to the Antarctic. I was a trifle puzzled by the title of this book until I realised, by diligent calculation, that the author, Mr. Arthur Scholes, recknode Artifle and the produce of the country of Antarctic a

are magnificent, but most readers will find it heavy going. The heroic story of Captain Scott is, for expressed the resons, not retold. It is possible to carry a distaste for romance too far.

We are ranging far over the world this week, and now we skip up to Tibet. To me, Tibet means (Belloc must confound, In spite of a deceptive similarity of sound, With the Lama who is lord of Turkestan "—and "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibet and the Tibetans" (Stanford, U.S.A.; 5 dollars) make it mean much more of the confound, In spite of a deceptive similarity of and the Turkestan "—and "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibet and the Tibetans" (Stanford, U.S.A.; 5 dollars) make it mean much more of the confound, In spite of a deceptive similarity of "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibet and the Tibetans" (Stanford, U.S.A.; 5 dollars) make it mean much more of the own with the Lama who is lord of Turkestan "—and "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibetans" (Stanford, U.S.A.; 5 dollars) make it mean much more of the own with the Lama who is lord of Turkestan "—and "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibetans" (Stanford, U.S.A.; 5 dollars) make it mean much more of the own with the Lama who is lord of Turkestan "—and "The Lost Horizon." The authors of "Tibetand the Tibetan world of the world. The struggle for world power, this last of the purely theocratic States should be drawn into a purely materialistic struggle. Not that Tibet and the Tankest of the world the world have expected; it has had in recent years its Pope and its anti-Pope—the Dalai and the Panchen Lamas. The authors give us a fascinating and intimate study of life in this neglected watershed of the world. Some of their stories form a pungent comment on "civilisation" as we know it: "This class distinction in every detail of daily life comes so much as a matter of course to the Tibetan roughly of the horizon. The new of the proposition of the past humbred the proposition of the past humbred the proposition and the proposition and the past humbred

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HERE is a game ending which, for sustained brilliance, can surely challenge comparison with anything that the history of chess has produced:



White was Fleissig, Black Schlechter, and the place was Vienna when Vienna was gay,

2. Q-Q3

Threatening, for the second move in succession, to win White's QKt, Black now brings a third piece into fierce action.

3. Q×P 4. Q×KtP 5. K-Q1

If White can no longer castle, he has at any rate released his QKt from the direct pin . . . and he

5.

A magnificent move.

is attacking Black's rook.

The threats are now too varied and violent for any more ambitious move than the one which White adopts; if, for instance, he tries 8. Q × KtPch, Kt-Q2; 9. $Q \times R$ (or $Q \times KKt$), 9... $P \times B$ — threatening both 10..., $P \times R$ (Q) mate and 10..., Q-K8mate-would finish the game at once.

8. B-Br

Sacrificing the second rook as well as the first.

9. Q×R 10. B-B4

It suddenly looks as if White might just scrape through-and when you are two rooks to the good, to scrape through is quite satisfactory. But Black finds a forced mate in five, as original as it is brilliant.

13. B×Kt 14. K–Kti

A ROYAL "TEA-PARTY"; AND NEWS ITEMS FROM THE CONTINENT.



TRANSFORMED INTO A LAKE BY A CLOUDBURST OF EXCEPTIONAL VIOLENCE: THE PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, IN ROME, ON AUGUST 27, FLOODED BY WATER FROM THE PINCIO HILL. On August 27 a cloudburst, lasting an hour-and-a-half, caused five deaths in Rome, injuries to about fifty persons and rendered more than 500 families homeless. The torrential rain was accompanied by lightning, and in a short time the streets had become rivers and the principal squares had been turned into lakes up to 4ft. in depth. Cars were brought to a halt and had to be abandoned.



THE PRINCESS KNEELS TO A CHILD. AT THE ABERLOUR NURSERY SCHOOL, NAMED AFTER HER, PRINCESS MARGARET IS OFFERED A "CUP OF TEA" BY FOUR-YEAR-OLD SANDRA BLACK. On August 29 Princess Margaret visited the Aberlour Orphanage and opened there a new nursery school, named after her. She took a great interest in the whole orphanage and during her tour of the new nursery she paused by a four-year-old girl, playing with a doll's tea-service. "Would you care for a cup of tea?" asked the child. "I most certainly would," said the Princess, and drank from the tiny cup. To the left of the Princess in the photograph is the Very Rev. C. A. E. Wolfe, Warden of the Orphanage.



A GREAT NEW INTER-CONTINENTAL AIRPORT: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE NEW BUILDINGS AT KLOTON,

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ON A KITCHEN HOT-PLATE AT A BRUSSELS BANK.

weeks ago the Italian salvage vessel Rostro began salvage operations over the
of the Flying Enterprise, which sank in about 250 ft. of water off the Cornish
in January last year. Recently the Rostro landed a large number of bankat Ostend, and these were taken to a Brussels bank, where they were dried
hot-plate in the kitchen before being put in the strong-room. In spite of
their long immersion the notes are in good condition.



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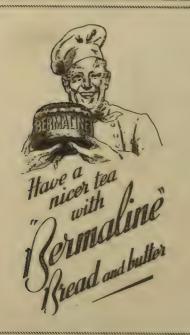
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A ROYAL GARLAND

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A ROYAL GARLAND: A PANORAMA OF THE EVENTS OF JUNE, 1953.



THE CURTAIN RISES ON A GLORIOUS DAY AND A GLORIOUS MONTH: THE QUEEN DRIVES OUT TO HER CROWNING IN THE GOLDEN COACH-PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE. On Tuesday, June 2, at 10.26 in the morning, her Majesty the Queen drove out from Buckingham Palace in the Golden State Coach, with the Duke of Edinburgh in Naval uniform, to find the whole of Central London a densely thronged and expectant mass of people. Before the Coach went representatives of all the Services, with the chiefs of those Services in the Coach itself, flanked by Yeemen of the Guard and preceded and followed by a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry with the Standard, was drawn by eight Windsor Creys. This procession went by way of the Mail, under the triumphal arches, between

crowded stands to Admiralty Arch, out into a Trafalgar Square packed as never before, via Northumberland Avenue to the Embankment. Here in stands were the 30,000 schoolchildren who had been lucky in the L.C.C. ballot; and the high and excited cheers that they raised were not the least moving of the day's tributes of love to the Queen. From the Embankment the Procession 'turned through Bridge Street to Parliament Square, between the brilliant stands which filled the whole of the Square, to the Royal Entrance of the Annexe to the Abbey, where the Queen descended and went to make ready for her crowning.



DIVESTED OF HER CRIMSON ROBE AND CLAD IN A SIMPLE WHITE GARMENT: THE QUEEN, SEATED IN KING EDWARD'S CHAIR, AWAITING HER ANOINTING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The Anointing or Consecrating of the Sovereign is the most sacred and mystical part of the Coronation rite. Before this solemn moment in Westminster Abbey on June 2, the Queen was disrobed of her crimson Robe of State and put on a plain white garment of the severest simplicity. Having thus put away all her outward magnificence the was then only a suppliant for Divine green as the followed the Sword of State, borner of State, bo



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PLACING ST. EDWARD'S CROWN ON THE HEAD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH II.: THE SUPREME MOMENT IN THE CORONATION SERVICE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON JUNE 2.

The supreme moment in the Coronation Service, the placing of the Crown of St. Edward, sometimes called the Crown of England, on the head of the Queen, followed after much solemn and historic ritual, including the Recognition, the Taking of the Oath, the Anainting and the Investing with the Symbols of Sovereignty. The Queen, clad in the Robe Royal and the Stole Royal, holding the Sceptre with the Cross, and the Rod with the Dove, sat in King Edward's Chair, everyone cles standing; and the Archbishop of Canterbury, having blessed the Crown at the Altar, received it from the Dean of Westminster (standing; left; holding cushion) and placed it on

the head of her Majesty. The people all cried "God Save the Queen!" and the Princes and Princesses, and Peers and Peeresses put on their coronets and caps, and the Kings of Arms their crowns, the trumpets sounded, the drums heat and the guns at the Tower were fired. The Duchess Dowager of Devonshire, Mistress of the Robes, is standing on the left (background), with, to the right of the right of the robe to the right of the robe of the



After the Coronation ceremony on June 2, the newly-consecrated Queen retired to St. Edward's Chapel, east of the Altar, where she was disrobed of the Robe Royal and the Supertunica, which were replaced by the Imperial robe of purple velvet, and the glowing Imperial State Crown was placed upon her brow. When the Queen, thus robed in royalty, reappeared and took her place in the procession to the West Door, she was carrying the ensigns of Severeignty—the Orb in her left hand and the Sceptre in her right. Then the fanfares sounded once more and the people sang the National Anthem as the newly-crowned Queen left the Abbey in solemn

ROBED IN PURPLE VELVET AND BEARING THE ENSIGNS OF SOVEREIGNTY—THE ORB AND THE SCEPTRE: H.M. THE QUEEN LEAVING WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER HER CROWNING.

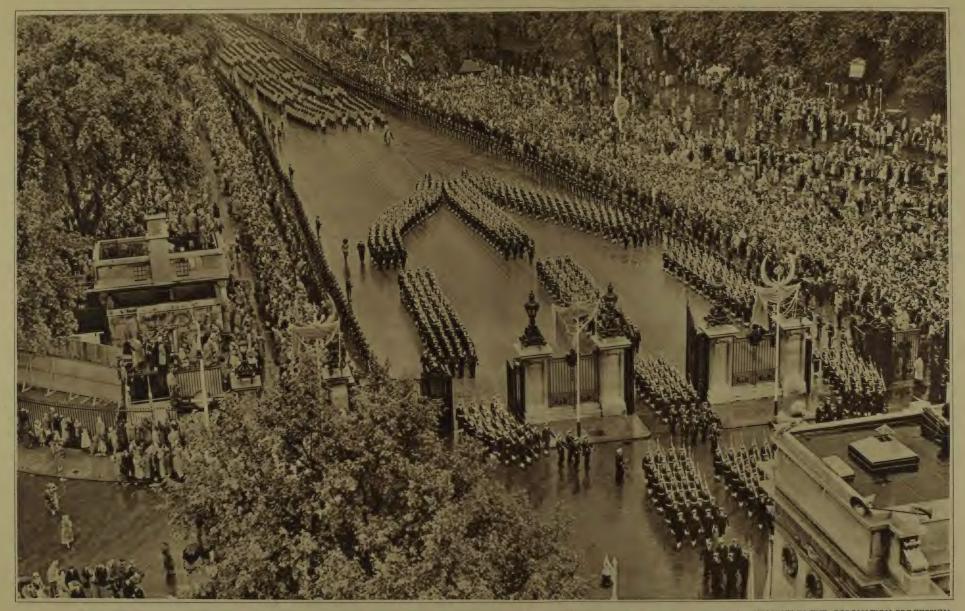
ronation ceremony on June 2, the newly-consecrated Queen retired to St. Edward's Chapel, east of the Altar, where she was disrohed of the Robe Royal dignity and passed through the guard formed by the Gentlemen-at-Arms and made her way to her retiring-room in the Annexe. After a short retail dignity and passed through the guard formed by the University of the procession to the West Door, she was carrying the ensigned on the royaltry, respected on to the West Door, she was carrying the ensigned and took her place in the procession to the West Door, she was carrying the ensigned and took her place in the procession to the West Door, she was carrying the ensigned and the Queen was greated in her right. Then the fanfares sounded once more and the people sang the National Anthem as the newly-crowned Queen left the Abbey in solemn



THE LAST STAGE OF THE QUEEN'S TRIUMPHAL HOME-COMING: A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN FROM THE TOP OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN, SHOWING THE FAIRY-TALE-LIKE SCENE IN THE MALL.

The last stage of the Queen's home-coming after her crowning in Westminster Abbey on June 2 presented one of the most glorious scenes in a day of pageantry. The final shower had ended as the golden State Coach passed through Admiralty Arch and into the Mail, where the ranks of the Brigade of Guards formed two long lines of scarlet on both sides of the road. The fairly-fale-like scene was enhanced by the graceful arches spaning the 1000 yards of London's Royal highway and the 40-ft. standards which stood out in brilliant contrast to the green of the plane-trees. Immediately behind the magnificent golden State Coach rode the Queen's two personals

Aides-de-Camp, Major-General H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, and Admiral The Earl Mountbatten of Burma, followed by the Principal Services Aides-de-Camp; the Equerries to the Queen; the Brigade Major Household Brigade; the Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Commanding Coronation Troops; the Adjutant in Brigade Waiting; the Silver Stokk Adjutant; there Royal Grooms and then the Third and Fourth Divisions of the Sovereign's Essort. The State Coach had a close essort of Yeomen of the Guard, in their picturesque Tudor uniforms, and the eight postillion driven Windsor greys were flanked by walking grooms in brilliant livery.



GIVING A CURIOUSLY APPROPRIATE SUGGESTION OF AN ANCHOR AS THEY DIVIDE-TO PASS THROUGH THE PARK GATES AT MARBLE ARCH: THE ROYAL NAVAL CONTINGENT IN THE CORONATION PROCESSION.

On the return journey from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace after the Coronation of the Queen on June 2, the State Procession was extended by the addition of detachments from the Defence Forces of the Commonwealth and Colonies, and of the three Fighting Services of the United Kingdom. The Royal Naval Detachment, seem leaving the East Carriage Drive, Hyde Park, at Marble Arch (Officer Commanding, Captian V. C. Begg, R.N.), included detachments from the Royal Marines, and Royal Marines Volunteer Reserve, W.R.N.S. and W.R.N.S. Reserve, Naval Aviation, Engineering and Electrical Branches, and Seamen. In the Army Contingent, the

Hems Guard and Cadet Corps were represented, 23 well as the R.A.S.C., R.A.M.C., W.R.A.C. and other Corps, the Brigade of Gurkhas, units of the Territorial Army, Royal Artillery, Royal Corps of Signals, Royal Engineers, and every infantry regiment in the Regular Army, Yeomany and Royal Armoured Corps detachments of the Territorial Army, Royal Armoured Corps, Armoured Car Regiments of the Household Cavalry, and the Foculards. Royal Air Force Commands, and detachments of the R.A.F. Regiment, R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, R.A.A.F., W.R.A.F. and Princess May's R.A.F. Nursing Service were included in the Royal Air Force Contingent:



THE RETURN OF THE TRIUMPHANT CORONATION PROCESSION: THE FIRST OF THE COMMONWEALTH CONTINGENTS - SOUTHERN RHODESIA, CEYLON AND PAKISTAN - ENTERING THE MALL FROM ADMIRALTY ARCH.

The great State Procession of Coronation Day afternoon from Westminster Abbey, round Central London and back up the Mall to Buckingham Palace, was headed by an officer of the War Office Staff, four troopers of the Household Cavalry and the massed bands of the lat Bin., Purham Light Infantry, the lat Bin., The Cloucestershire Regiment, the Ist Bin., Royal Scots Fullifier, and the 4th Queen's Own Hussars. Then came the Colonial Contingents, 90 officers and men representing the Armiers. Air Forces, Navies and Armed Police from Crown Colonies in Europe, Asia, Africa, America and Australasia. Then came the Commonwealth Contingents, of which our photograph shows the three Beading. First of these came the Southern Rhodesian, commanded by Lieut-Colonel J. C. Tones, and consisting of eighty-one representatives.

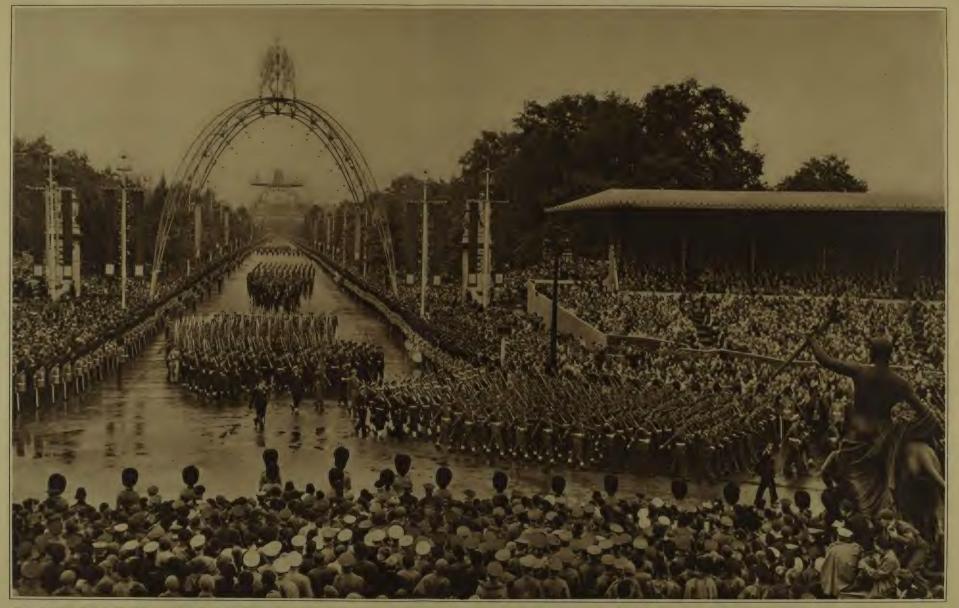
men and women, of the Army, Air-Force, Police and Auxiliaries, including twelve mounted men. They were followed by the seventy-five-atrong Ceylon Contingent, under the command of Lieut-Golonel A. M. Muttukumaru, and including representatives of the Army, the Royal Ceylon Air-Force and the Royal Ceylon Navy. The Pakistan Contingent, which followed, was 182 strong, and was under the command of Commander S. B. Sallim, R.P.N., and included representatives of the Royal Pakistan Air-Force, the Pakistan Army and the Royal Pakistan Navy. Our photograph shows the column when it had completed the long march round Central London and had just turned from Traislage Square, through Admirally Arch, into the length of the Mall, with its trumphal arches.



MARCHING BEFORE THE QUEEN FROM THE ABBEY TO THE PALACE, ON CORONATION DAY: PART OF THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT, FOLLOWED BY THE CANADIANS, PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

In the long column of Commonwealth Contingents in the Coronation procession from Westminster Abbey to Buckingham Palace, the New Zealand Contingent (shown elsewhere in this album) was followed by the Australian Contingent. The Australian Contingent, 270 strong, was commanded by Brigadier D. A. Whitehead, D.S.O., M.C. of the Australian Military Force, and it included four holders of the Victoria Cross and four holders of the George Cross. This Contingent was made up from representatives of the Royal Australian Air Force, the Army and the Royal Australian Navy avarious auxiliary and women's Services. In addition to these were the striking figures (well seen on the left of our photograph) drawn from the Pacific Islands Regiment and the Royal Papuan-New Guinea Constabulary.

After the Australians came the Contingent of Canada (some of whom also appear in a later page devoted to the Royal Tournament). The Canadian Contingent was the largest from the Commonwealth, being 450 strong. It was led by a detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, commanded by Assistant Commissioner D. L. McGibbon. The Royal Canadian After Force detachment was commanded by Wing Commander J. F. Watts, D.S.O., D.F.O.; the Army detachment by Lieut-Colonel J. R. Stone, D.S.O., M.C.; and the Royal Canadian Navy detachment by Commander R. P. Welland, D.S.C. This concluded the Commonwealth column; but the Band of the Royal 22 Regiment, Canadian Army, marched with the massed bands which followed.



THE END OF THE TRIUMPHAL MARCH: THE NEW ZEALAND CONTINGENT-MEN AND WOMEN OF ALL HER SERVICES AND DEPENDENCIES-SWINGING ROUND THE VICTORIA MEMORIAL TO THE PALACE.

After the Southern Rhodesia, Ceylon and Pakistan Contingents in the Coronation Procession from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace (shown on a previous page), came the Contingent of the Union of South Africa. This, which was 170 strong, was commanded by Bitgadier S. A. Melville, of the South African Air Force, and comprised detachments from the South African Nary. The New Zealand Contingent, which we show here, just turning from the head of the Mail round the curve of the Victoria Memorial, was 270 strong, and commanded by Lieut-Colonel T. C. Campbell, D.S.O., M.C., of the New Zealand Regiment. It comprised men and women representing the Royal Norce, the New Zealand Air Mary and the Royal

New Zealand Navy and various Auxiliary forces. Like the Canadian Contingent, it included a special detachment from its forces serving in Korea; and a detachment from Samos also made a fine showing in the column. As shown elsewhere, it was followed by the Contingents of Australia and Canada. After Canada came four massed bands, that of the Rayal 22º Régiment, Canadian Army, and the 1st and 2nd Regional Bands of the Royal Air Force. Then came the columns of Great Britain's own armed forces, with all their auxiliaries and reserves. Then followed the carriage processions of the Colonial Rulers; of the Prime Ministers; of the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal; of Queen Mother; and, finally and gloriously, the Queen's own procession



THE LONDON THOROUGHFARE WHICH ATTRACTED THE GREATEST CROWDS OF VISITORS ANXIOUS TO SEE THE DECORATIONS: THE PACKED MALL AS IT LOOKED AFTER THE CORONATION, AND ON FOLLOWING DAYS.

When her Majesty returned to Buckingham Palace after her Coronation at Westminster and her processional progress, the huge crowds did not disperse. They thronged the approaches to Buckingham Palace, anxious to see the newly-crowned Sovereign appear on the balcony. She came out six times, and was acclaimed with Immense enthusiasm. Her first appearance was at 5.42, when not only the Duke of Edinburgh but the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, and other members of the Royal family came out to watch the R.A.F. fly-past. The Queen and the Duke emerged again at 7.20; and at 9.45, when

her Majesty operated the switch which turned on the floodlighting; and made further appearances at 10.40, 11.30 and finally at midnight. It was estimated that the crowds outside the Palace were 50,000 strong, not counting those at the Admirally Arch end of the Mail, and other approaches to the Palace. On the days following the Coronation, London attracted enormous crowds of visitors anxious to see the decorations; and the flux set the street which apparently drew them most strongly. They congregated on the footpaths, occupied the stands and pienicked in them; and spread all over the roadway, making it difficult for vehicles to pass.



UNDER THE ILLUMINATED ARCHES OF THE MALL ANY EVENING IN THE CORONATION PERIOD: CROWDS JOSTLING EACH OTHER AND GOOD-NATUREDLY MILLING ROUND AS THEY ADMIRE THE DECORATIONS.

The Mall since Coronation night has been the most crowded of London's streets, for not only is it an approach to the Palace, but it was a highway of fairy-like beauty. The handsome, tree-bordered thoroughtans, with the Repency grace of Nahl's Carlton House terrace on one side facing the natural beauties of St. James's Park on the other, offered a challenge to decorative invention, which the Ministry of Works took up worthly. By day the great arches spanning the roadway, from which golden crowns were suspended by metal rods studded at intervals with silver balls, were much admirted; and the filigree Lion and Unicorn groups which currently the arches achieved elegance; but when right fell the decorations assumed a fairy-like beauty which could not have been surpassed. Our photograph

gives some idea of the view along the Mall towards the floodlit Palace. The great poles set in pairs at intervals on either side of the roadway were surmounted by crowns, and from the crosspices in the form of trumpets hung long rose-red banners held in place at the base by other crosspices; while the motif of glittering silver balls on metal rods was repeated on either side of the poles. The effect, looking down the lane of light, was made even more dramatic every night by the constant movement of the milling crowds, justing each other shoulder to shoulder, but with the greatest good nature, admiring the decorations and moving towards the Palace in the hope of seeing the Queen, or getting a glimpse of guests arriving or leaving.



THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE GRAND STAND, EPSOM, FOR THE CORONATION YEAR DERBY, IN WHICH HER AUREOLE RAN SECOND TO PINZA: HER MAJESTY WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (CENTRE).

The Coronation Year Derby, run at Epsom on Saturday, June 6, was one of the most thrilling in the history of the great race. There had been high hopes that her Majesty's coit Aurorie (Hyperion—Angeloia) would win the most celebrated of the Classics for her in Coronation Year; but it was not to be—Aurorie ran second to Sir Victor Sassoon's Piras (Chantur II.—Pasqua). There was some consolation, however, in the fact the winner was ridden by Gordon—soon to be Sir Gordon—Richards, for this made the 1953 Derby particularly memorable. Gordon Richards, who at the age of forty-time has been leading lockey twanty-five times, had more before won the Derby, although he had made twenty-seven previous attempts. After the race her Majesty sent for the winning lockey and congratulated him on the

victory, her amiling face showing no trace of any disappointment she may have felt over the fact that her colt had only run second. The Royal party included the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. The Queen, whose genuine interest in racing is well known, visited the paddock and, before the Derby, she spoke to Gordon Richards, whose knighthood was announced in the Goronation Honours, and shook hands. Plans started joint favourite with Premonition (which was unplaced) at 5 to 1, and won from Aureole by four lengths, with the French colt Pink Horse, one-and-a-half lengths further away, third.



THE QUEEN AT THE GALA FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE CORONATION OPERA, "GLORIANA": HER MAJESTY IN THE CENTRE OF THE SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED ROYAL BOX AT COVENT GARDEN.

On Monday, June 8, her Majesty honoured the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, by attending the Gala first performance of "Gloriana," the Coronation opera by Benjamin Britten commissioned by the Arts Council. This was the first occasion since 1736—when George-II. heard the first performance of Handel's "Atalanta"—that the Sovereign had attended the premiter of an operatio work at Covent Garden, and in honour of her Majesty the house was decorated with spiendour and magnificence. A specially constructed Royal Box had been built in the centre of the grand tier. Designed by Mr. Oliver Messel, it was lined and draped with cloth-of-gold, and

surmounted by sheaves of oak-leaves with a crown at the apex. Garlands of leaves and roses hung from the parapet, with, in the centre, the Royal Cipher. The Queen was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and other members of the Royal family, and the party also included the Crown Prince and Princess of Norway. Among the audience were the Commonwealth Premiers, Members of the Government, and of the House of the House of the House for Commons, and many other distinguished people. As her Majesty entered the Royal Box, a fanfare was sounded by trumpeters of the Household Cavalry standing on the stage.



THE QUEEN AT THE CORONATION THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S: HER MAJESTY, AT THE RIGHT OF THE FRONT ROW, LISTENS TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S SERMON.

The Coronation Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's Cathedral on June 9 was deeply impressive. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached, and is shown in our photograph in the pulpit. In the front row of the congregation, from right to left, are the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Glouester, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Kent, the Duke and Princess Alexandra. Dr. Fisher, in an impressive sermon, said he believed that the Coronation of the Queen and her own dedication had brought to countless people a new understanding of religion and of themselves. Sir Winston

Churchill, the Prime Minister, read the lesson, and the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council said the prayers of supplication. At the foot of the steps of the Gathedrai the senior Grecian of Christ's Hospital, according to custom, presented a loyal address to her Majesty, and she handed him the Royal reply. She was received at the West Door by the Dean and Chapter and the Bishop of London and the Archibid of Gatherbury, and entered the Cathedral preceded by the Lord Mayor of London carrying the Pearl Sword. The congregation of some 3000 included Commonwealth representatives.



A DISPLAY SEEN BY H.M. THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARLS COURT (JUNE 10-27): THE MUSICAL RIDE BY THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE CORONATION CONTINGENT.

At the head of the Canadian Contingent in the Coronation Procession of June 2 rode a detachment from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, commanded by Assistant Commissioner, D. L. McGibbon. These were followed by detachments from the Royal Canadian Air Force, the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Navy. This Coronation detachment of the "Mounties," thirty-two non-Commissioned Officers and Constables, all where may be the reverse the Canadian Air Force, the Canadian Army and the Royal Canadian Navy. This Coronation detachment of the "Mounties," thirty-two non-Commissioned Officers and Constables, all where make the constant of the Royal Canadian Army and the Coronador of the Royal Canadian Navy. This Coronador of the Mounties, "thirty-two non-Commissioned Officers and Constables, all when six to eight on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, commanded by Assistant Commissioner Constable, all when the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, commanded by Assistant Commissioner Constable, all when the Royal Canadian Army and the Royal Ca

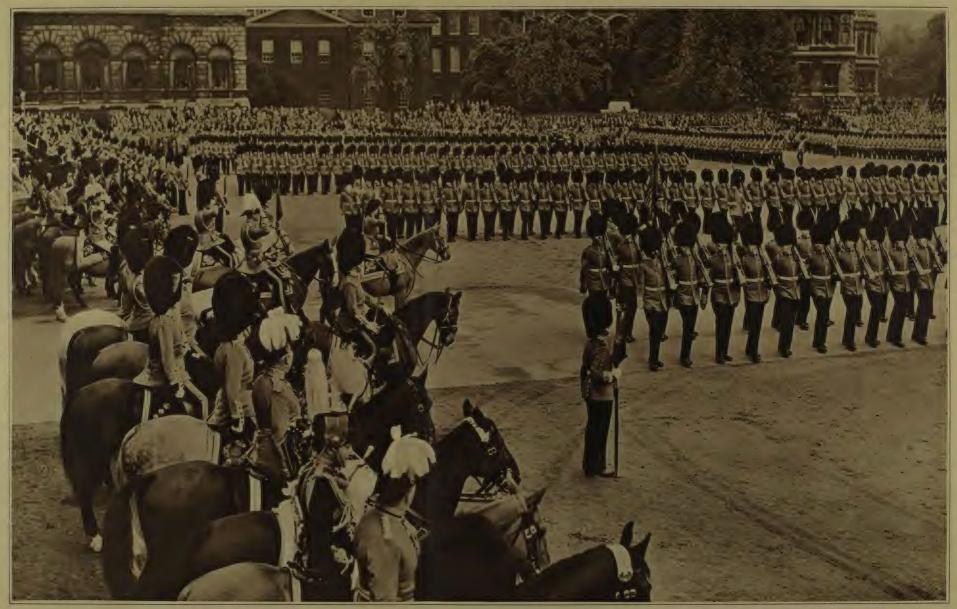
sections and line, and a charge. The R.C.M.P. came into being in 1873 and was then known as the North-West Mounted Police. In 1904 the prefix "Royal" was added to the name, and in 1920 the Headquarters was moved from Regins, Saskatchewan, to Ottawa, Ontario, and the Force extended its juridiction to the whole of Canada. It was then renamed the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. To-day the R.C.M.P. has a strength 5000 men, and the motor-vebiole has taken the place of the horse except at the two training barracks, where equitation is part of recruit training. The Queen was present at the opening performance of the Royal Tournament on June 10.



THE SPLENDID AND COLOURFUL MILITARY CEREMONIAL OF THE BIRTHDAY PARADE ON JUNE 11: A DISTANT VIEW OF THE EIGHT GUARDS MARCHING PAST HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

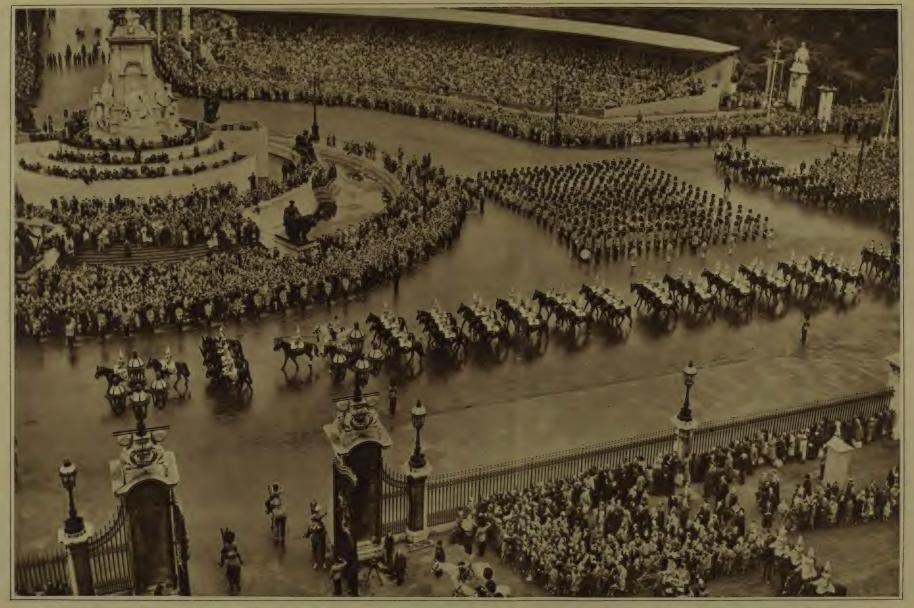
The Sovereign's Birthday Parade, of which the ceremony of Trooping the Colour forms part, is a splendid and Nighly intricate piece of military ceremonial, invariably carried out with that perfect precision of which the Household Birtgade is so justify proud. Our photograph shows a general view of the scene on Horse Guarda Parade on June 11, her Majasay's official birthday. She can be descried, mounted, in front of the Horse Guarda Parch, taking the salute, with, behind her, also mounted, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester. This year, more troops of the Brigade being at home than there were last June, eight Guarda paraded, compared with the two of 1952. The Colour trooped was that of the 1st Battalian of the First Grenadler Regiment of Foot Guarda, of which the Queen,

who is now Colonel-in-Chief of the seven regiments of the Household Brigade, was Colonel for some years before her accession, and it was this same Colour which, with a new Regimental Colour, she had presented in person at Buckingham Palace some weeks previously. The Queen's children, the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, dreve to Horse Guards Parade with their grandmether Queen Bilabeth in Queen Mother and Princess Anne, dreve to Horse Guards Building, as did other members of the Royal family. One of the most impressive moments of the ceremony was when the Queen, a splendid horsewoman, appeared on the Parade Cornound Immediately followed by the two Royal Dukes, also mounted, at the horse of the cavalous of high-ranking Army officers.



THE QUEEN TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE BIRTHDAY PARADE: HER MAJESTY, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE SEVEN REGIMENTS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE, MOUNTED AND IN UNIFORM.

Her Majesty the Queen, Colonel-in-Chief of the seven Regiments of the Household Brigade, took the salute at the Birthday Parade on June 11. She wore the uniform of the Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, a dark blue habit skirt, scarlet unic with the Order of the Garter Ribbon, and tricome hat with the tail white plume of the Grenadiers, whose lat Battalion Colour was trooped. She was again mounted on the police horse Winston, which has carried her on previous occasions at the ceremony, and she is seen—a slender, upright figure, at the salute. Beindung of the Scots Guards; and high-ranking military officers are lined up behind the two worst in the uniform of Colonel of the Scots Guards; and high-ranking military officers are lined up behind the two with the lail the country of the Court within the Colone of the Grenadiers, whose late Battalion Colour was trooped. She was again mounted on the police horse within the core of the Court was the ceremony is unequalled; and the fact that the young viewen, a brave figure, sitting her mount with the grace of an accomplished hersewoman. Was the ceremony is unequalled; and the fact that the young viewen, a brave figure, sitting her mount with the grace of an accomplished hersewoman. Was the ceremony is unequalled; and the fact that the young viewen, a brave figure, sitting her mount with the grace of an accomplished hersewoman.



THE SPLENDID FINALE TO THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY PARADE: HER MAJESTY, MOUNTED, OUTSIDE THE CENTRAL GATE OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.

The finale of the Queen's Birthday Parade on June II took place outside Buckingham Palace, and was as splendid as that part of the ceremony (which includes Trooping the Colour) carried out on Horse Guards Parade. After the march-past on the parade-ground at which her Majesty, who was wearing the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards, took the salute, the parade was re-formed, and the young Queen, seated erect and motionless on her mount Winston, led the procession along the Mail, under the graceful arches put up for her Coronation, and stationed themselves on the steps, and round the base of the monument to Queen Victoria, great-great-grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II., which is opposite to the Palace and round the base of the monument to Queen Victoria, great-grandmother of Queen Elizabeth II., which is opposite to the Palace gates. The massed bands of the Guards regiments are seen on the right centre. The troops assing the saluting-base are the Life Guards.



ACCEPTING THE PEARL SWORD FROM THE LORD MAYOR AT THE BOUNDARY OF THE CITY: H.M. THE QUEEN TAKING PART IN A TRADITIONAL CEREMONY AT TEMPLE BAR ON JUNE 12.

On June 12, H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in an open landau with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry to take luncheon with the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhall. At Temple Bar, the boundary of the City, the procession halted where the Lord Mayor. Sir Rupert De la Bere, was vasiling with a sheriff, aldermen and members of the Common Council, and her Majesty, socroting to tradition, asked permission to enter the City. The Lord Mayor then profitered the Pearl Sword of the City, point downwards, to her Majesty, who touched the hilt to conclude the brief ceremony. The Lord Mayor and the other Civic digitalizate then entered their cars and preceded the Queen to Guildhall. The custom is believed to date from 1550, when Elizabeth I.

went to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and is regarded as a token of the rights of the City as against the Sovereign. The ceremony, whatever its origin, is of some antiquity, and is rarely omitted when the Sovereign pays a State visit to the City. One such occasion was on May 19, 1937, when the late King George VI. and his Consort drove from Buckingham Palace to take luncheon at Couldhall. The weather was inclement on that occasion, and their Majesties drove to Guidhall in a closed car instead of using an open landau as arranged. The picturesque ceremony of the surrender of the Pearl Sword at Temple Bar had also to be abandoned in view of the rain.



THE TRADITIONAL GUILDHALL LUNCHEON IN HONOUR OF A NEWLY-CROWNED SOVEREIGN: HER MAJESTY, AND MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, WITH THE LORD MAYOR AND LADY MAYORESS.

On Friday, June 12, her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in State from Buckingham Palace to attend the traditional luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of the City of London at Guildhail in honour of a newly-crowned Sovereign. The Queen, who wore blue-green, with a feathered hat of brilliant green, and the Duke of Edinburgh, who was in the uniform of an Adminal of the Fleet, flower in an open landau, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavality. At Temple Bar the ancient ceremonial of the presentation of the Pearl Sover of the Queen by the Lord Mayor at the boundary of the City was curried out. On arrival at Guildhail the 700 guests loss to their feet at the Royal company incred the great hall to the sound of a fantare by trumpeters.

of the Household Cavalry, and a string band of the Royal Artillery in the gallery played the National Anthem, which was taken up with fervour by many voices. Her Majesty sat at the centre of the long table on the dais at the east end of the great hall. This photograph of the scene during luncheon shows (l. to r.) the Duke of Golucester (Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; the Lord Mayor, Sir Rupert De Berc, M.P.; the Queen; the Duke of Edinburgh; the Lady Mayoress; Princess Margaret, and the Dukehoss of Gloucester. The canopy over her Majesty was of red and gold, embroidered with the Royal Cipher and crowns; and the Royal Arms were emblasced on the alik backlotch.



H.M. THE QUEEN, IN SURPRISE, PASSING UP THE LINES OF WARSHIPS AT THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING CLEARLY DETAILS OF THE ROYAL YACHT, TAKEN FROM IMPLACABLE.

This photograph, taken when H.M.S. Surprise, acting as Royal Yacht, was steaming through the lines of warships during the Review of the Fleet by her Majesty the Queen at Spithead on June 15, shows with remarkable clarity the figures of her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh on the enclosed saluting platform constructed forward of the bridge superstructure. Her Majesty is leaning forward to examine the special bertiling chart provided for her use. The ship's company are manning the side and Surprise is wearing the three flags that indicate the Sovereign is embarked—the Royal Standard, the Admiralty flag and the Union Flag. In the back "Township was seen the SOOOtton Swedish cruster God a Life, Flagship of Rear-Admiral Eriscon, which is fitted for ministying and whose seven 6-th. high-angle

automatic anti-aircraft guns are controlled by radar. Gola Lejon and her sister-ship, Tre Kronor, were completed in 1947. The Fleet of 195 warships of the Royal Navy, ranging in size from the battleship Vanquerd to landing-craft, was disposed in nine main lines and two additional lines continued representatives of the Merchant Navy. Australia was represented by an alicraft-carrier, HAMAS. Sydney; Canada by an aircraft-carrier, How corusters, a destroyer and two frigates; New Zealand by a cruiser; India by a cruiser, a destroyer and a frigate; Pakistan by two frigates, and Ceylon by a ministeneeper. The foreign countries who were represented by warships were: Belgium, Brazil, Dennatik, Dominican Republic, France, Creece, Italy, Netherlands, Noway, Portugal, Spain, Woeder, Thailand, Turkey, U.S.A. and U.S.S.A.



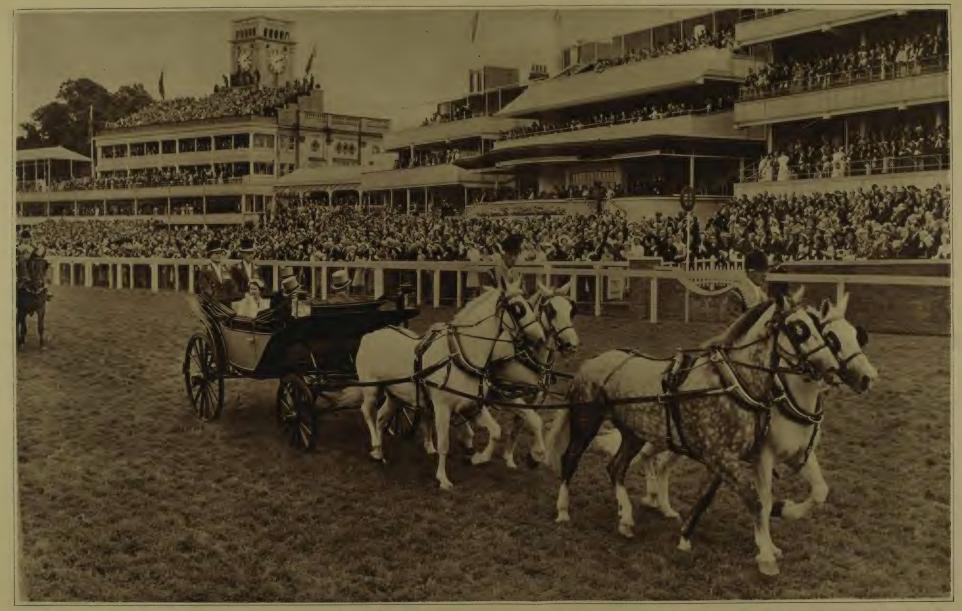
THE REVIEW OF THE FLEET BY H.M. THE QUEEN ON JUNE 15: H.M.S. SURPRISE, ACTING AS ROYAL YACHT, PASSING THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER ILLUSTRIOUS, WITH FOREIGN WARSHIPS IN THE BACKGROUND.

At about 3.30 p.m. on June 15 the despatch vessel H.M.S. Surpriss, acting as Royal Yacht, with H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh aboard, entered the Review lines at Spithead as the guns of her Majesty's ships and visiting foreign warships free a Royal salute. Our photograph shows Surprise (centre) passing the aircraft-carrier illustrious, with place the extreme left. in the background may be seen some of the foreign warships. Surprise is ships of the Royal Navy, which indicate that the Sovereign is embarked. A naval band and a guard of Royal Marines are drawn up in the bows of Illustrious, the Royal Navy of the Flight in the Royal Navy, and the Flighting Fleets. At the mainmast, the Union Flag at the gaff and the White



THE BRILLIANT FINALE TO THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW: A GREAT BLAZE OF FIREWORKS, SET OFF FROM THE SHIPS ANCHORED AT SPITHEAD, TRANSFORMS THE NIGHT SKY WITH SHOWERS OF LIGHTS.

At 10.30 p.m. on June 15 her Majesty the Queen pressed a single gold Morse key on the Admiral's bridge in H.M.S. Venguard, which was a signal for all units to illuminate the Fleet, and the silhoustic of each ship was at once stehed in lights against the night key. Later the lights were extinguished during a twenty-minute of feetive. After the firework global papeared against the dark sky and sea as if etched in silver. After the fireworks the papeared against the dark sky and sea as if etched in silver. After the fireworks the papeared against the dark sky and sea as if etched in silver. After the firework step and other craft were lit by lines of light and appeared against the dark sky and sea as if etched in silver. After the fireworks the papear against the dark sky and sea as if etched in silver. After the firework step and other craft were lit by lines of light and spear the night at sea. On the firework support to start the start of t



THE TRADITIONAL PAGEANTRY OF THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT ROYAL ASCOT: THE QUEEN WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING UP THE COURSE IN AN OPEN LANDAU, ON GOLD CUP DAY, JUNE 18.

The pageantry of the Royal arrival at Royal Accot is one of the features of the famous four-day meeting, celebrated for its first-class racing, and also as the great fashion parade of the year. The Royal party makes a ceremonial arrival, diving up the course preceded by outriders, the procession providing a most attractive spectacle. This year the weather was not kind enough for the drive to take place on the Wednesday he course was too wet for the carriages. Our photograph, taken on June 18, Gold Cup Day, shows the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving in an open landau drawn by postillion-driven greys. Her Majesty, with a characteristically graceful gesture, has turned towards the Health side of the course, the less fashionable case, and is acknowledging the enthusiastic greetings. The

meeting was notable for the Queen's win with Choir Boy in the Royal Hunt Cup. Further great satisfaction was provided by the result of the race for the Gold Cup, which was won by Soungi (Epigram—Sousse), owned and trained by Mr. George Digby, who has thus trained the Gold Cup winner three lines, the previous victories being with Mr. Reid Walker's Invershin in 1923 and 1929. E. C. Elliott rode a brilliant race and by his perfect timing saved the Gold Cup for this country, beating the French cold Arson, a So to I outsider, in a thrilling finish. The rain, which fell before and during the meeting, bloody about some consequent on the changed going, but Account is proversiblely a difficult meeting for backers, largely once the Immense importance of the draw there.



THE QUEEN'S WIN AT ASCOT GREETED WITH SMILES AND A FLOURISH OF TOP-HATS: THE SCENE OF EXCITEMENT IN THE ROYAL BOX AS HER MAJESTY'S COLT "CHOIR BOY" WON THE ROYAL HUNT CUP.

Without any doubt the moment at the Ascot meeting which pleased the thousands of racegoers both in the stands and on the Heath more than any other was when the Queen's four-year-old colt, Choir Boy, won the Royal Hunt Cup on June 17. That the excitement was just as intense in the Royal box can be seen from this photograph, which was taken as the Royal colours passed the post. Before the main race the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family, went to the parade-ring to see Choir Boy and talked to the trainer, C. Boyd-Rochfort, and the Jockey, D. Smith. After the race, which Choir Boy won by

two lengths from Brunetto (ridden by Gordon Richards), her Majesty went at once to the unsaddling enclosure, where the cheering speciators saw her meeting her winner. Among those who can be seen in this photograph with her Majesty in the Royal box are (1. to r.); the Duchess of Kent (centre, left); Princess Margaret (partly hidden); the Duchess of Gloucester; and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. The Duke of Edinburgh, a tall, smilling figure, can just be seen at the back of the box (right). The Royal party remained until after the last race before returning to Windoor Castle, where they were staying.



HER MAJESTY'S ENTRY INTO HER NORTHERN CAPITAL AND HER ARRIVAL AT HOLYROODHOUSE: THE SCENE IN THE PALACE FORECOURT ON JUNE 23, AFTER THE QUEEN HAD DRIVEN THROUGH EDINBURGH.

The Queen's arrival at her Northern Capital, Edinburgh, on June 23, was signalled at 10 a.m. by a salute of twenty-one guns from the Castle, and her Majesty was welcomed at Princes Street Station by the Lord Provost (Sir James Miller), the Sheriff of Lothian and Peebles, the officers commanding the Services in Scotland, and the Lord Lyon King of Arms. After accepting and returning the keys of the city, profered by the Lord Provost, the Queen inspected the guard of honour mounted by the 2nd Bn., Scots Guards. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh then drove in an open State landau, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry,

along Princes Street to Holyrood. Her arrival there is the moment shown in our photograph, with the Queen's landau drawn up before the Palace, and the blueuniformed Holyrood High Constables on either side of it. In the forecourt, between the fountain and the Palace, is the guard of honour mounted by the last Ban. The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, with their pipe and drum band. In the foreground is part of the Escot of Household Cavalry, which had brought her Majesty to the Palace; and on the extreme right is the massot of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the pony Cruachan, with his "pony-major."



THE SUPREME MOMENT IN THE SCOTTISH NATIONAL SERVICE IN ST. GILES': THE QUEEN, HAVING ACCEPTED THE CROWN OF SCOTLAND, RETURNS IT TO THE DUKE OF HAMILTON FOR SAFE KEEPING.

The High Kirk of Edinburgh, St. Glies' (which it is now customary to refer to as St. Glies' Cathedral), has never seen a more impressive ceremony than the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication on June 24. By her Majesty's wish, the Scottish Regalia, or Honours of Scotland, played their historic rôle in the rite; and the congregation represented every aspect of Scotlash life. The Moderator of the General Astembly of the Church of Scotland and the Dean of the Thistie received the Queen, and later, the Dean accepted the Honours from the Bearers, and laid them on the Holy Table. At the close of the service the Dean took first

the Sword, then the Sceptre and finally the Crown, and presented each in turn to her Majesty. After she had accepted each, she returned it to the Bearer. Our photograph shows the supreme moment when, after accepting the Crown of Scotland, her Majesty is returning it to the Bearer, the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, Bearer of the Septre, and the Earl of Home, deputising for the Lord High Constable of Scotland, the Countess of Erroll, as Bearer of the Sword, are on the left (I. and r.). The Duke of Edinburgh and the Lord Lyon King of Arms are standing behind the Queen.



THE STATE DRIVE TO ST. GILES' FROM HOLYROOD: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN AN OPEN LANDAU, ESCORTED BY ROYAL ARCHERS, PASSING ALONG PRINCES STREET, THE FAMOUS EDINBURGH THOROUGHFARE.

Princes Street, Edinburgh, is one of the world's most beautiful thoroughfares, and on June 24 it was gally beflagged and crowded with thousands of citizens assembled to give a rousing welcome to the young Queen who, on that day, drove in State with her Consort, the city's own Royal Duke, from her Palace of Holyroodhouse to St. Giles' to attend the National Service of Thanksgiving and Dedication which formed the chief event of her Coronation visit to Sectland. Our photograph shows the colourful State procession to the High Kirk, just after the open landau in which the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove had passed the Walter Scott

memorial, on the right, in the gardens. The carriage was drawn by four postillion-driven greys; and a file of Royal Archers, in their dark-green uniforms and carrying their bows, walked on either side. Behind it may be seen the Standard of the Escort, and the third Division of the Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry. The escort also included a desleamment of The Royal Scots Greys, who were given a specially warm welcome; and the Honours of Scotland, the Scottish Regalia, which had not been carried in procession since George IV, visited Edinburgh in 1822, were borne before her Majesty in two carriages.



HER MAJESTY IN GLASGOW: THE SCENE IN GEORGE SQUARE, THE CITY CENTRE, AS THE QUEEN INSPECTED THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE SCOTS GUARDS IN FRONT OF THE CITY CHAMBERS.

On June 25, the third day of their State visit to Scotland, her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Clasgow in brilliant sunshine. Crowds, numbering many thousands, welcomed the Queen with such enthusiasm that immediately after her Majesty's arrival in George Square, the city centre, they broke through police and Service cordons and rushed across the Square. The Queen, meanwhile, was received by the Lord Provost and proceeded to her inspection of the guard of honour, in which she had no more than just space enough to pass from the front rank to the rear because of the crowd. After presentations at the

entrance to the City Chambers the Queen later appeared at an open window and was greeted by tremendous cheering. After luncheon with the Corporation, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh attended a youth rally at Hampden Park. There again the scene was one of unbounded enthusiasm, and the Royal visitors watched a physical training and recreational display given by the city's youth organisations. A tent-pitching competition ended with the tents spread across Hampden Park, each tent bearing a letter which spelt out "Welcome, Elizabeth." The crowded day included visits to Paisley and Scotland's oldest Royal burgh, Rutherglen.



THE QUEEN, COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS, PRESENTS THE HEROES OF KOREA WITH NEW COLOURS: HER MAJESTY ADDRESSING THE PARADE IN THE PALACE GARDENS.

The Queen, Colonblin-Chief of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, on June 26 presented new Colours to the 1st Battalion in the gardens of the Palace of Holyroodhouse. After the Royal Salute her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was wearing for the first time his uniform as Colonelin-Chief of The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, inspected the parade. Old Colours, presented in 1926, which had seen the battalion through the gruelling campaigns of World War II and the dangers of Korea, were uncased, and for the last time dipped in salute on passing the Queen as they were trooped. Drummers then piled

their drums in front of the Royal dals, and the new Colours were placed on these and dedicated by the Assistant Chaplain General. The Queen then left the Royal dals, and took up the new Colours, handing the Queen's Colour to Lieutenant Duncan Darroch, and the Regimental Colour to Lieutenant Ian Robertson. In her address her Majesty expressed her pleasure in welcoming the battalion home, and continued: "The persistation of new Colours opens a new chapter in your history. Let them both represent to you the ideals of the past and be a call to future effort." Her Majesty then took the final march-past at the foot of the steps before the Palace.



THE CEREMONY OF THE CASTLE KEY-A PICTURESQUE STATE EVENT OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCOTLAND: THE QUEEN, IN AN OPEN LANDAU, HEARS THE LORD LYON DEMAND ADMITTANCE FOR HER MAJESTY.

The ceremony of the Castle key, one of the most picturesque events of the Royal visit to Edinburgh, took place on June 27. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in an open landau excorted by a Sovereign's Escort of Household Cavally and two detachments of The Royal Scots Greys, to the Castle Esplanada. The cavalcade drew up before the closed door, flanked by statues of Bruce and Wallace. The Lord Lyon, who with the Heralds in their richly embroidered tabards was stationed by the entrance, advanced, and, with the Queen's assent, called on the State trumpeters to sound a fanfare. The Sergeant and the Sentry of the Guard

appeared on the battlements, rifles with bayonets fixed, and the Sergeant called "Halt! Who goes there?" The Lord Lyon replied "Her Majesty the Queen," and demanded admittance. The trumpeters of the Black Watch on the battlements sounded a fanfare, and the Sentry cried "Advance Your Majesty. All is well." The gates were then opened and the Governor came out, followed by an officer bearing on a cushion the key, which her Majesty touched in acceptance. As she did this, the Union Flag flying above the Castle was lowered and the Royal Standard hoisted; and the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh entered the Castle.



A FITTING END TO A GOLDEN MONTH: HER MAJESTY LIGHTING THE MASTER TORCH WHICH STARTED THE FIRES OF REJOICING THROUGHOUT SCOTLAND.

The month of June, those days of Royal pageantry which so many of us will cherish among our happiest memories, ended with the return to London of her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh from their State visit to Scotland. This "Royal Garland" presented by The Illustrated London News recalls most vividly to our minds some of the highlights of those golden days, and it is fitting that it should end with this photograph, the faith in the future which the radiance of our young Queen kindles in all our hearts. This photograph was taken on June 28, as evening fell on Edinburgh and mist began to shroud the summit of

Arthur's Seat; and the Queen with the Duke of Edinburgh went to Queen's Park, where 100,000 people gathered on the hillsides and sang: "Will ye no come back again?"

The Queen, wearing a magnifecent evening gown of shell-pink lace over tulle and the green saah of the Order of the Thistle, lit a master torch with a taper. Then six athletes ran to the topmost heights of Arthur's Seat, bearing fire taken from this torch. With this fire they lit a huge beacon which, though partly obscured by the heavy mist, was the signal for similar fires of rejoicing to be lit throughout the length and breadth of Scotland.

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